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VOL. XXXV. NO. 22 BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1908. PRICE THREE CENTS

WORK OF THE BRAIN

Curious Facts About the Human Thinking Apparatus.

WHERE THOUGHTS ARE BORN.

Right Handed Persons Form Ideas In the Left Half of the Brain and Left Handers In the Right Half—Strange Freaks of Mental Blindness.

Common opinion has it that the thinking is done in the front part of the brain, so that a high forehead means a lofty intellect. Common opinion, it turns out, is precisely wrong. More hard thinking is done at the back part of the head than anywhere else. Much of the rest is done in a region just above the ears.

When the thinking involves action the sides and top of the head play their special part. In fact, about the only portion of the outer layers of the brain substance that has never been found to have the least connection with any sort of thinking is that lying above the eyes.

There is another curious fact about the thinking apparatus. Nine men out of ten at least do all their thinking on the left side of the brain and might, as far as their purely mental operations are concerned, get on just as well if the entire right half were removed.

To be sure, a tumor on the right side of the brain, a broken blood vessel or a disintegration of the brain substance is apt to cause more or less complete and permanent paralysis of corresponding groups of muscles, always, of course, on the left side of the body, since, as is well known, nearly all the nerve fibers in passing from the brain to the body organs cross over to the other side.

Such an injury to the right side of the brain, however, does not in general affect the mind. This remains as clear and sane and vigorous as ever.

On the other hand, the very same injury to the brain which on the right side affected only the body will when it occurs on the left side affect the mind as well. To paralysis of the muscles is added curtailment of the thinking powers.

There have been men who have lost a cupful of brains out of the right side of their heads and retained all their mental faculties unimpaired. There have been other men in whom the loss of a half a thimbleful from the left side has rendered them for the remainder of their lives unable to recognize by sight their own wives.

I have said that most men do all their thinking on the left side of their brains. The remainder use only the right sides of theirs. These, moreover, are the left handed men.

Apparently, too, right handed men are right eyed men also, and not only sight a gun or use a microscope with the right eye, but also sit to drive or stand to bat or grasp tools in the way that will give to that eye the more unimpeded view. In addition, right handed men are also right eared—while they hear with both ears they listen with the right—as any one may test in his own case for himself.

Left handed men are correspondingly left eyed and left eared. Thus, the centers for the more skillful hand and probably for the better trained eye come normally on the same side of the brain as the thinking apparatus, so that the eye, hand and thought work together.

In general, then, all the thinking is done on the left side of the brain. Can we not go further and say that particular kinds of thinking are done in particular regions of the left cortex?

The phrenologists, of course, have the entire brain mapped out like city lots—combativeness here, order there. This part of one's brain operates when he puts away his shoes in the closet, that when he throws them at the cat.

Now, as a matter of fact, we have "faculties" in the mind and "organs" in the brain about as much as we have a baseball playing muscle and a wood sawing muscle and still another muscle for standing still. The brain acts as a whole just as the body does. We use all our muscles to play ball, and we use them all to saw wood.

I have already touched upon the case of the man who suddenly lost the ability to recognize his wife. This man, who was a workman in Glasgow, had his skull fractured by a blow on the left side of the head about midway between the ear and the crown, so that a splinter of bone became imbedded in the gray matter of his brain. At once he lost the capacity for thinking about what he saw.

Though his sight was sharp enough, he could not recognize the most familiar objects. His friends, his children, his wife, appeared merely as colored spots, yet otherwise his mind was clear, and the moment any of them spoke he knew them at once. He could not tell by eyesight how many fingers were held up before his face, but by touch he could count them as well as ever.

Still stranger freaks of mental blindness, however, are brought about by the bursting or plugging of minute blood vessels in the brain. There is a New York case of this sort, an educated, middle aged woman who took up her newspaper one morning and to her consternation found that she could not read a single word.

A minute artery had become stopped; the blood supply was cut off from the little spot of gray matter which the mind uses most in thinking about printed and written words. To the day of her death this woman never read another letter. Yet in every other respect she remained entirely normal.

To speak paradoxically, the most important deeds of our lives are our words. It is speech more than anything else that makes us human, while words are not so much "for the purpose of concealing our thoughts" as the only means by which we are able to think effectively at all.

Few injuries, therefore, are more distressing to the victim or to his friends than are those which affect the "speech center" at the side of the head a little above and in front of the auditory area. An apoplectic stroke at this point often paralyzes an entire half of the body and renders the victim dumb for the remainder of his days.

It sometimes happens, however, that the plugged or ruptured blood vessel injures just the right bit of brain tissue to cut off the power of speech and do nothing else. The patient can use his mouth and throat as before—for everything except talking. Sometimes if the injury does not extend to the center from the hand he can communicate in writing.

He can read and understand spoken words as before. Occasionally he can utter parrot fashion any sound in the language or even repeat correctly anything said in his presence. Sometimes the aphasic can use words of one syllable. Sometimes he retains a small stock of words. It may be no more than four or five. Sometimes he loses his stock of proper names or it may be all his nouns.

There have been aphasics who would articulate perfectly, but were continually at a loss to find the appropriate word. It is all a question of the precise point where the smashup happened to occur and the extent of the destruction. In all cases what is lost or curtailed is the ability to think about spoken words.

It seems strange that when one is dining he innervates the muscles of the tongue and lips and throat from the sides of the brain like other paired organs, but when he turns to speak to the waiter he controls the very same muscles from the left side of his brain only.

It all goes to show how peculiar and in a sense artificial are human speech and ability to think in words.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SCALP WOUNDS.

Various Results That May Come With a Bump on the Head.

A bump on the head is one of the commonest of accidents, but the skin which covers the cranium is tough and is protected by the hair of the scalp, so it is comparatively rare that the blow results in anything more serious than a bruise. This is fortunate, for an open wound of the scalp is a rather difficult affair to manage at times, and its complications and sequels are likely occasionally to give more or less trouble.

A severe bruise, such as may be caused by striking the head with considerable force against a blunt projection, say the rounded edge of a table, usually results in more or less boggy swelling, due to the effusion of serum or blood under the scalp. Ordinarily this gives no trouble, except that it may be quite tender for a few days. The effused serum or blood is sooner or later absorbed, and the bump becomes a thing of the past.

In some cases the fluid becomes full of pus owing to the inflammation of the bruised tissues. This kind of a wound must be opened and the matter washed out, otherwise it may burrow quite a distance along the skull and possibly result in the destruction of some of the bone.

An ordinary bruise of the scalp does not call for much attention. If the swelling is considerable the scalp and hair should be thoroughly washed, and then a lotion should be applied of boric acid dissolved in cologne water or a wash of witch hazel. If the hair is very thin it had better be cut short over the bruise, so that the lotion can more readily reach the part if the sufferer is a boy, but if a girl the lotion will have to reach the spot as best it can. The hair need not be cut unless it is really a case serious enough to call for the offices of a surgeon.

When the scalp is cut or torn the matter is more grave, both in its present state and its possible consequences, and had better be left to the doctor to treat. A blow hard enough to tear the scalp may have been of sufficient force to crack the skull, and even if the bone is intact—and the fracture may occur in another part of the skull from that struck through the operation of what surgeons call contrecoup or a "counterblow"—the scalp may become inflamed and slough away, leaving the bone denuded, so that it may lose its vitality and give rise to trouble calling for surgical interference, or it may become the seat of an erysipelas. At any rate, the wound will need washing and possibly a few stitches to bring the cut edges together.—Youth's Companion.

Value of Understanding.

The habit of being content with nothing less than understanding a thing is of inestimable worth to every man, young or old. No matter what one's occupation or responsibility, his first task is to understand what is his part to do. Understanding means not only to know a thing before one's eyes, but to know a task, a position or an opportunity in its relation to other things. It requires some thinking, therefore, to have a comprehensive grasp of any piece of work in its rightful relations. No one can dutifully and faithfully hold a place or accomplish a good thing without at least enough thinking to understand clearly what he is to do and what its meaning is. Few of us work under sealed orders. Most of us have plenty of light to make sure we are on the right track and are doing things in the right way.—Wall Street Journal.

SIX, SEVEN AND EIGHT.

His Horses, His Carriages and His Reserve Fund.

Townsend Percy, speculator and promoter, who made and lost more than one fortune in the course of his life, used to be fond of repeating some of his mother's witticisms at his expense, generally brought about by his extravagances during his periods of prosperity. Once Percy had driven four-in-hand for a year, when an unfortunate deal made it necessary for him to reduce his expenditures and sell his horses, on which occasion she said to him:

"Townsend, don't you think it would be better to drive one horse four years instead of four horses one year?"

Another time, when on the verge of financial crash, Percy still owned a considerable stable and gave no outward sign of pecuniary embarrassment. His mother met an old friend of the family about this period, who congratulated her on her son's success in life. "I am glad that Townsend is doing so well," said the friend.

"Yes, indeed," remarked the old lady. "Townsend has six horses and seven carriages and $8."—Harper's Weekly.

Except—

From time immemorial there had been a law in Applegate, County Warwick, England, to the effect that the mayor had the best of everything in town, and, for instance, should one say he had the best coat in the place he must add the words, "except the mayor."

One day a stranger came to Applegate and had dinner there at the inn. After paying his bill he said to the landlord, "I've had the best dinner in the country."

The Landlord—Except the mayor.

The Stranger—Except nothing!

As a result the tourist was called before the magistrate and fined £10 for his breaking of the laws of the place. When the man had paid his fine he looked around him and said slowly, "I'm the biggest fool in town, except the mayor."—Harper's Weekly.

Besides Being a Man.

Little Sammy—What's your father, Willie? Little Willie—He's a man. Little Sammy—Oh, I mean what does he do for his bread and butter? Little Willie—He's an artichoke and draws houses.—London Express.

Occupation is one great source of enjoyment. No man properly occupied was ever miserable.—L. E. Landon.

ANDALUSIA

Mrs. Samuel Fox's daughter, is, we are glad to believe, distinctly better.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Walton gave a large family dinner party on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Cornelius, of Philadelphia, was in our village last week, visiting her friends, the Waltons.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Purdy, who took up their residence in Germantown directly after their marriage in October, 1906, spent their Christmas holiday at the old home.

Friends of Miss Bartine, now Mrs. Bonner, who lived for some time in Andalusia, will be pleased to know of the birth of a son quite recently. Mr. and Mrs. Bonner now live in Somerton.

We were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. William Nickel out for a little walk on Christmas afternoon. Mrs. Nickel has been ill for some weeks and this convalescence will greatly please all her friends.

Mrs. Joseph Drexel was also one of the donors of Christmas gifts to the Kindergarten at its closing for the holidays. Her name was inadvertently omitted. This is specially to be regretted because she has remembered the little ones every year, and has far from ceased her good work. "Mea culpa," the fault is mine.

The Christmas festival of the Chapel Sunday school was a fine success. The chapel was crowded, and the carol singing and the address of the rector were admirable. A new departure was made in the character of the gifts distributed. For several years they have been chiefly books. This year they consisted of scarf pins, etc., etc. A more rigid system of graduation in gift-giving has also been wisely adopted.

We should be glad to have some of our Bristol neighbors as well as those of the intervening places, Cornwells, Eddington, Croydon, to share in the privileges of the lecture and entertainment course which begins at the King Library tomorrow (Saturday) evening. We are but a short trolley ride's distance and the library is a notably pleasant auditorium. The very atmosphere of its shelf-laden books wins one to an attentive hearing, and those illustrated lectures are to be of a high order. That for tomorrow is by Louis Umfreville Wilkinson, B. A., of Cambridge University, England, its subject, Joan of Arc. We subjoin a programme of the entire course:

January—4, Joan of Arc; 11, Fun, Fact and Fancy about the Japanese and their Country; 18, Oliver Cromwell; 25, Street and Outdoor Life in the Mikado's Empire.

February—1, George Washington; 8, The Morphet and Stevenson Co. of Ventriloquists, Elocutionists and Cornet Soloists; 15, Napoleon Bonaparte; 22, The Russo-Japanese War and the Five Nations most interested in it; 29, Guiseppe Mazzini.

March—7, An Evening with Magicians and Vocalists; 14, Abraham Lincoln.

Single admission, 10 cents. Course tickets, $1.00, can be purchased from Rev. R. S. Eastman, King Library, Andalusia and at the stores.

FALLSINGTON

Alice Headley has the chicken-pox.

Dr. J. N. Richards is on the sick list.

Miss Charlotte Reese is ill with the grip.

Joseph Fish, of Parkland, has been visiting at John T. Fish's.

William Ely, of Forest Grove, has been visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Phoebe Brown will spend some time with her son, Edward, in Trenton.

Service was held in All Saints Church on Wednesday morning, January 1st. It being the Feast of Circumcision.

Next Saturday will be the annual meeting of the stockholders of the library and it is hoped there will be a good attendance.

The new books for the library which have been so long delayed, have at length arrived and will soon be placed on the shelves.

Miss Eliza Hance, who has been librarian for a number of years, has resigned her position, and Miss Mary Watson has been appointed in her place.

A wreck occurred on the Cut-off road near Dresher on Friday evening, and the passenger train due here at quarter of seven, was delayed until near 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Chrissie Schurz died at the residence of her son-in-law, Charles Headley, on Monday morning. She was the widow of Albert P. Schurz, formerly of Doylestown. One daughter, Mrs. Charles Headley, survives her.

The annual meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Fallsington Company of Safety, was held in Library Hall on Saturday afternoon. After the meeting a bountiful supper was served. Evan L. Saylor had charge of the supper.

PENN'S MANOR

Mrs. Hellyer, of Philadelphia, recently visited her grandmother, Mrs. Margaret White.

Rev. J. M. Hoelzer and George Heufel, of Trenton, were visitors at "Lake View" last week.

Miss Emma Stilwell and Elwood Hoagland of Blawenburg, N. J., are visiting J. F. Seidenstioker and family.

Rev. John Girton preached an impressive sermon in the Chapel last Sunday evening on "The Death of the Old Year."

Misses Alyce and Junia Hay, our popular school teachers, spent the Christmas holidays at their home in Shippensburg.

The Manor was pretty well represented at the Meeting of the Horse Company in Fallsington last Saturday evening. Perhaps the chief attraction was the elaborate supper which is usually served.

Mrs. John Neely is Christian Endeavor leader for next Sunday evening. Topic "Songs of the heart. 1. What is true blessedness?" (A New Year's Consecration Meeting).

The entire family of Joseph Greenlee gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Greenlee on Christmas Day for a reunion and big Christmas dinner. Those present were: Joseph Greenlee, Misses Jennie W. and Margaret W. Greenlee, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Greenlee and sons, Fred and Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. John Greenlee and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson and daughter, Edna, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurst and daughter, Mary.

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THE COUNTY CAPITAL

The News of the Week in Doylestown as Gathered by Our Special Correspondent.

Doylestown, Dec. 31, 1907.

An argument started here this week which may be interesting in Bristol and other parts of the county in which the Gazette circulates. It waxed fast and furious and judging from the difference of opinions advanced there may be many who will profit by the decision which was finally reached.

It was simply a question of the rules of the road—just this: Two men are driving in the same direction, and the driver in the rear wishes to go around the one in front. Which side of the road should he turn to in order to get by?

Some horsemen said to the left, others to the right and still a few others declared that it all depended on circumstances. But there is a law on the subject in a decision handed down by Carmichael, J., in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Dooley, and the part of interest to this case was as follows:

"The primary rule is to keep to the right and the phrase, 'Keep to the right as the law directs' has long since passed into a proverb. When you meet a vehicle coming in an opposite direction you go to the right of it, in which respect we differ from the English, as they pass to the left. In passing a vehicle from behind, the rule is to pass it to the left. These are simple rules, which, if observed, save people from accident. I am of the opinion that those rules are equally enforcable as to pedestrians, horsemen, drivers or bicycle riders, and that, though the circumstances must determine each case, the rights of the bicycle rider are the same as those of the driver of a wagon whether light or heavy; that there is no law for the driver of a wagon which is not equally applicable to a rider of a bicycle, and the law as a rule, varied, of course by the exigencies of the particular case is that the man to the right has the right of way. I regard this as a general rule of common sense and the custom sense and the custom, of the common law."—McMichael, J., May 31, 1897, in the case of Com. vs. Dooley.

FROM THE PANHANDLE.

Returning to the county seat from the Panhandle of Texas, where he became a member of a real estate firm after leaving Doylestown some months ago, Edward H. Fretz, former liveryman and horse dealer, told in glowing terms of the new country being opened up in the northwestern part of Texas. Mr. Fretz brought with him samples of wheat and corn grown in this section, where land sells from $15 to $30 per acre and farmers can raise anything they set their mind upon, from cotton to corn. The climate is admirable and the country is particularly desirable because the farmers have about a third longer to do their work as the seasons are different. Mr. Fretz is at present located in Hereford, Texas, a town nine years old and having 4000 inhabitants.

FOUND IN A CAR.

As he opened a freight car at the local station one day last week Freight Agent Swartz, of this place, was horrified to find the lifeless body of a man lying on the floor, dressed only in an old coat and a battered hat. Who the man was the authorities had great difficulty in learning. Scores of people heard of the "find" and visited the car, but as they gazed upon it the expression of their face changed and they nearly all ejaculated "Stung." The body, a wooden image such as is used in front of cigar stores, had been shipped to Henry C. Mercer, who is making a collection of them.

OLD OFFICERS ELECTED.

All of the old officials, except J. Freeman Hendricks, solicitor, were re-elected Tuesday, at the annual meeting of the Board of Poor Directors. Officers elected are as follows: President, H. B. Webster; treasurer, Jonas Cressman; clerk, Edward G. Case; steward and matron, Mr. and Mrs James Pollock; physician, Dr. John A. Fell; solicitor, Wesley Bunting, Esq.

P. C. SWARTLEY CHOSEN.

When the County Commissioners met yesterday, they appointed Philip C. Swartley, of New Britain, mercantile appraiser for 1908. William H. Bloomer was appointed janitor and Frank Austin, fireman at the Court House at the salaries of $35 and $40 per month respectively. The commissioners passed 88 bills, but little other business of importance came before the meeting.

TO LOOK AFTER INSANE.

Nathan S. Justice, who has been superintendent of Grandview Farm here for several years, has been appointed manager of a 1000-acre farm in Byberry belonging to the city of Philadelphia and under the control of the director of health and charities. It is proposed to use the big farm for the care of Philadelphia insane who are not too violent to work. Mr. Justice has had some experience in public institutions and in other work which fits him for the position. He has had charge of large farms, he was assistant superintendent of the New Jersey House of Refuge and he served ten years with the Pinkerton detective agency.

STOP RAISING CATTLE.

Some of the farmers hereabouts attended the lecture, "The Advanced System of Operating Eastern Farms," given by John T. Myers, of Moylan, yesterday, and from the expressions they made it was evident that Mr. Myers' remarks hit a few of them. In brief his message was this: "Stop feeding all your crops to cattle and carting it back to the fields as manure. Specialize in raising potatoes, wheat and hay and sell your crops for cash." That, he said, is the only thing which will be the salvation of the eastern farmers, who by their present methods, he added, are keeping the mortgages on their farms, working themselves to death and driving their children to the crowded cities to work for small salaries. "You can't feed high priced crops to cattle and not be in debt" he said. "If you stop following this grand-dad system of farming in putting your crops back on the fields in manure and quit raising cattle you will not have to pay from $5,000 to $10,000 for erecting barns and you will save the price of the land in not having to maintain fences." He urged the farmers to plow deeper—ten inches—to cultivate constantly so that they will bring the moisture to the surface and to use the proper methods of getting fertility. This method he explained as follows: After you take off your first crop of hay plow the second crop under; then use "organic" fertilizer and finally "commercial" as it is needed. His lecture was listened to with interest and brought out many questions.

A MARRYING WEEK.

This last week seems to have brought an epidemic of weddings to Doylestown. A number of young women got husbands for Christmas presents and vice versa.

Probably the most romantic, although there were two elopements, was the wedding of Mrs. Nellie M. Whitehead, of this place, and Grant E. Culver, of Wellington, Ohio. Mr. Culver and Mrs. Whitehead were sweethearts years ago but circumstances intervened which resulted in Mrs. Whitehead marrying another admirer by whom she had several children. Some months ago her husband died. Culver, who had in the meantime gone West and prospered, heard of it and came East to resume his wooing with the happy result mentioned.

Then under a Wilmington despatch of December 26th there was the following: "Mayor Horace Wilson was called upon to marry two pairs from Doylestown, Pa., today within a few minutes of each other, and the fact has the Mayor guessing.

"The first to call at the Mayor's office were John F. Worthington, aged 24 years, and Miss Mary H. Kramer, aged 21 years. The Mayor, being satisfied that they were of legal age, performed the ceremony. Before leaving, they informed him that they had two friends in the city who desired to be married, and they requested the Mayor to remain at his office for a short time.

"In a few minutes the pair first married arrived at his office accompanied by Clarence Rosenberger, aged 21 years, and Miss Margaret Tomlinson, aged 18 years, who were married."

The fourth wedding was that of William S. H. Darrah, of Buckingham, and Miss Elizabeth Elfman, of this place.

And still there are more to come!

FOR RAPID READING.

Grip seems to be epidemic here at present.

Small boys with air rifles they received on Christmas are playing havoc here.

Prisoners at the County Prison had a Christmas dinner of sauer kraut, boiled ham and pork.

County Treasurer John B. Poore, who has been ill for two weeks, is able to be about again.

John Stewart, colored, has been arrested for stealing $65 belonging to George Realker, of Mechanics Valley.

The Newtown trolley line has put a double truck car, with a smoking compartment attached, in service.

Mrs. H. O. Harris entertained a few friends, Friday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. John Adams Thayer, of Paris.

Frederick Drenk, formerly superintendent of the stocking factory here, has taken a similar position at Paducah, Ky.

Miss Addie L. Lehman, musical director of St. Paul's P. E. Church, entertained the vested choir and Brotherhood of St. Andrew on Thursday evening.

While suffering from nervous prostration, John K. Landis, of Plumstead township, left home Saturday and Tuesday morning his dead body was found in a field behind his orchard.

Because of the illness of Judge Stout, who had not quite recovered, the sessions of court next week will be presided over by Judge Stapler, of Monroe county, and Judge Savage, of Cumberland county.

Marriage licenses have been issued to the following persons: Raymond Bunting, of Tullytown, and Miss M. Elizabeth Wright, of Bristol; John T. Hensor and Miss Mame P. Dea, of Tullytown; Nicola Lalli and Miss Fiorita Spinelli, of Bristol; Francis C. Maosura, of Bordentown, N. J., and Miss Catharine C. Shaffer, of New Hope; Walter W. Haldeman, of Doylestown, and Miss Alvaretta Cruser, of Princeton, N. J.

Stockholders of the athletic association met last night, and elected the old directors as follows: Daniel G. Fratz, Joseph H. Fretz, John J. Coates, George Ross, Esq., Howard P. White, John O. Copple, Clarence D. Barrett, William F. Kelly, Asher R. Lear, Dr. C. Louis Seigler and Harrington Roseberger. George Ross, Esq., is acting as president. Early in April the association will hold a fair to raise funds to maintain the team. Who the manager will be is not known. "You can put it down that it won't be me," replied former manager, William F. Kelly, today.

Ex-Prothonotary and Mrs. John G. King celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, Saturday, by entertaining over one hundred relatives and friends. Mr. King is at present cashier of the Doylestown National Bank. Mrs. King, before her marriage, was Miss Belle M. Worthington, daughter of Aaron M. Worthington, of Plumstead township.

Mrs. George Schroth announces the engagement of her daughter, Lillian M., to James E. Groom, of Yardley, formerly of Doylestown.

DIRECT FROM THE PEOPLE.

"In my opinion the breed of chickens has little to do with their laying qualities. Leghorns, for instance, are simply good layers because they are such excellent foragers and get just the things they need to make them lay. Other chickens fed all they need would do as well."—Sheriff A. S. Paxson.

"The reason teams turn, to the left in England when they meet is because the drivers sit on the right and can better avoid a collision."—A. J. Strathie.

"I'm fifty seven years of age but I never saw a season like this before."—John T. Meyers, of Moylan.

NEWTOWN

County Treasurer John Poore has been visiting W. H. Trego.

Franklin Cornell has purchased the Mrs. Erwin house at private sale.

Miss Marion Ritchie, of Philadelphia, is visiting Miss Alice Buckman in the township.

Miss Emily Fitch, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fredda H. Bryan.

Scott Gray has purchased the house on Chancellor street occupied by Conductor Stout.

Mrs. Edward S. Hutchinson is visiting his daughter and family in Elkhorn, West Virginia.

John Herbert, of Pittsburg, spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. Edward Bawberman.

Harry K. Eyre left town on Sunday evening returning to his business position in Pittsburg.

Charles F. Underhill, of New York, will give a recital at George School on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herman Barnsley entertained friends at a chafing dish party on Monday evening.

A number of the young people from here attended the dance given in Yardley hall last Saturday evening.

The grip is visiting a number of residents of our town, in rather a lighter form than in years gone by.

The Misses Packer entertained friends on Monday evening, while Marianna Packer is home from Boston.

Mrs. Samuel T. Wynkoop spent Christmas with her daughter Mrs. Nathan R. Wichersham at Corning, N. J.

Miss Anna M. Thompson, of Philadelphia, is spending a few days with the Misses Eyre on south Chancellor street.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Merrick and daughter, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, were guests at Horace B. Hogeland's on Saturday evening.

Mrs. William C. Embardt and daughter are spending the holiday week with Mr. and Mrs. Hines, of Germantown, parents of Mrs. Embardt.

Miss Alice Amanda Backman entertained some lady friends on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her friend, Miss Marion Ritchie, of Philadelphia.

The Loyal Temperance Legion teachers gave their classes little parties on Monday. Miss Lavinia Eyre entertained her class from 2 to 4 o'clock at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Hogeland and children, with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hogeland and daughter, of St. Paul, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Hogeland, of Southampton, on Sunday.

Household Cares
Tax the Women of Pennsylvania the Same as Elsewhere.
Hard to attend to household duties
With a constantly aching back.
A woman should not have a bad back,
And she wouldn't if the kidneys were well.
Doan's Kidney Pills make well kidneys.
Here's a Pennsylvania woman who endorses this claim:
Mrs. Susan C. Belden, of 424 Harrison Ave., Scranton, Pa., says: "Several years ago I gave out a statement for publication recommending Doan's Kidney Pills. I had given this remedy a trial and it had relieved me of an attack of backache which I believe was caused by imperfect action of the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills stopped the aching and the pain and at the present time I have no reason to alter my previous opinion as to the value and effectiveness of this remedy. If anything my estimation has been strengthened for since that time I have learned of other cases in which the most satisfactory results were obtained through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills.
For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

HULMEVILLE

Elisha C. Praul was a visitor in Morrisville on last Thursday.

Edwin W. Henry was visiting relatives in Mt. Holly, N. J., on Sunday.

George Haefner was visiting relatives in Manayunk on Christmas Day.

Mrs. May Powell left on Saturday for a visit with friends in Baltimore, Md.

Raymond Illick, of Philadelphia spent the holiday with his brother Samuel, and family.

Miss Bessie Hyatt, of Wilmington, Del., spent the holidays with her father, George Hyatt.

Miss Rae Gobeen and Alvin Schoenfeld were in Piladelpia, at the theatre, on Cristmas Day.

George McEwen, of Bristol, was visiting Thomas Gobeen and family on Christmas Day.

Hugh B. Webster spent the forepart of the week at Lancaster with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Griffith.

Miss Eloise Tobish, of Trenton, N. J., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Afflerbach on Christmas.

Kennedy Joyce and family, of Wheatsheaf, were visiting Thomas Gill and family on Christmas Day.

William Barkley, who is spending the winter in Burlington, N. J., was a visitor in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Vansant entertained about forty of their relatives and friends at dinner on Christmas.

Miss Alice Johnson, of Allendale, N. J., spent the latter part of last week with her aunt, Miss Gertrude Johnson.

Misses Grace and Ruth Hartpence, of Trenton, N. J., are spending a few days with their aunt, Miss Amy Worthington.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse G. Webster and son spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hibbs, in Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Barkley Parsons, of Bristol, were the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parsons, on Christmas.

Louis C. Brunner, of Torresdale, was calling on his father-in-law, 'Squire and Mrs. Joseph Keen, on Saturday afternoon.

Some of the members of the M. E. Church choir sang carols in the streets between 12 and 1 o'clock on Christmas morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Theurer and daughter, of Trenton, N. J., were the guests of George Douglass and family on Sunday.

William Stackhouse and his sister, Miss Alice Stackhouse, of Bensalem, have purchased the Bicking property on Langhorne avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillingham and daughters, of Langhorne, were the guests of Miss Mary F. Gillingham on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Richardson, of Middletown, were the guests of their son-in-law, Harry C. Hibbs and family on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Laura Kirk and Mrs. Mary Carson were visiting their brother, Forrest Carl, and family, in Burlington, N. J., from Tuesday until Thursday.

Mrs. E. S. Huntsman left on Tuesday of last week for Washington, D. C., to visit her mother, Mrs. E. G. Harrison, until after New Year's.

Miss Ella Smith, of Trenton, N. J., and her sister, Miss Laura Smith, of Eddington were the guests of Charles Haefner and family on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. William Perry left on Saturday for Elizabeth, N. J., where they will visit his mother, Mrs. Frank Breisford, until after New Year's.

The Christmas festival of the M. E. Sunday school was held in the church on Friday evening, December 27th. There was an entertainment given by the children after which candy and gifts were distributed.

On Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. John G. Laros entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Darrah and son, of Langhorne, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Laros and daughter, and on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Laros entertained Mr. and Mrs. John G. Laros and granddaughter, Edith, and Mr. and Mrs. William Darrah and son, of Langhorne.

Leonore Rousseau Laros entertained a few of her little friends in honor of her sixth birthday on Friday, December 27th, from 3 until 6 o'clock p. m. Those present besides the little hostess, were: Pease and Joseph Canby, Jr., Edith May Laros, Houston and Eleanor Paxson. Mrs. R. R. Paxson, Hulmeville; and Miss Nellie Booz, of Bristol, were also present.

The festival of Grace Church Sunday school was held on Thursday evening, December 26th, in Hibbs' Hall. The Black Diamond minstrels of Bristol gave a performance for the benefit of the church fund. The children of the Sunday school were given complimentary tickets as a treat After the performance Santa Claus appeared with his sack on his back and gave each child a gift and a box of candy.

NEWPORTVILLE

Mrs. William Sharkey is quite ill.

Raymond Mathews is attending one of the business colleges in Trenton.

Samuel Wheaton, of Philadelphia, was calling on friends about town on Sunday.

Miss Marion Ridgway, of Mullica Hill, N. J., spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Mathews.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Pickersgill and baby, of Olney, were guests of Mrs. George Dunlap last week.

Mrs. Emma Goslin and Joseph T. Vanzant, both of this place, were married on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock by Rev. T. Clayton Welles.

The Christmas entertainment and treat of Union Sunday school was held on Thursday evening of last week in Vandegrift's Hall. The programme was as follows: Singing by school, "The Joyous Birth;" Prayer; Singing by school, "Ringing for His Birthday;" "Christmas All The Year," recitation, Mildred Smith; Christmas gifts, exercise, Sarah Upton, Madaline Smith, Ellen and Belle Goslin; "Slumbering Still," solo, Miss Ella Dunlap; Singing by School, "The Promised One is Here;" "The Little One's Speech," Margaret Chapman; "Such a Glorious Night," drill, Clara Webster, Mary Abrams, Lillian Goslin, Mamie Webster, Mildred Smith, Ellen Goslin, Madaline Smith; "Naming Dolly," recitation, Louisa Reedman; Singing by School, "Holly Twining;" "A Plan that Failed," dialogue, Raymond Mathews, Harry Webster; "Our Christmas," recitation, Anna Margaret March; "Shepherds Watching Their Flock" recitation, Joice Wislar; "Dorothy's Christmas Gift" recitation, Lillian Goslin; "On Happy Christmas Days," singing, Mrs. John Birkey, Miss Elizabeth Vandegrift, Kitty Birkey, Marjorie Wislar; Talk by the pastor, Rev. T. Clayton Welles; "A Trip to Santa Land," a cantata in three parts, several of the scholars; Distribution of gifts, by Santa Claus; Singing by School, "Carol to Our King."

Fish Fresh From the Sea.
Are you fond of fish. I recive them fresh from the ocean every day. Delicious sea trout and all the varieties of fish that are particulary palatable at this season of the year at 10 cents per pound. Call or 'phone your order and we will make prompt delivery. All the fresh vegetables that are in the market.
GEORGE L. HORN,
308 Mill street, Bristol.

The shortest people are the Bushmen of Africa. The average stature of their men is but 4ft. 4½in. The bodies of these dwarfs are almost covered with hair, and they are counted as the lowest order of man.

A HANDSHAKE.

Story of a Parting Clasp by One Who Observed It.

They had been talking about various ways of shaking hands and had pretty well gone over the ground covered by all the philosophic writings on handshakes when one of the men in the group said:

"The most expressive handshake I ever saw was given by one man to another. There was no tie of kinship between them.

"Each was about forty. Both were in perfect health. One had the prospects of many years of life. The other was to die within a minute, and the man whose hand he held was to kill him.

"It seemed to me then that I could read the meaning of the handshake given by the man about to die to the man about to kill him. It seemed to say: 'You are a good man, and I like you. I thank you for many acts of kindness and especially for this friendly grasp.'

"Then, with a gently lingering cling, he let the other man's hand slip from his own. There was a volume of meaning in that motion.

"It seemed to say that there were the morrow's sunrise and many more for the man whose hand he was releasing, but for him a few moments more of life, and then— It seemed to say that there was an age of human companionship in every instant during which the two hands touched.

"It seemed to say that when the clasp was broken he was forever cut off from the living and was as one dead. And many other things it seemed to say that I cannot translate into words.

"Within a few seconds one of the men gave the signal that ended the life of the other.

"It was a case," the story teller continued, "of the hanging of a man in Connecticut for murder. While under the influence of liquor with other men he had dealt one of them a blow that resulted in his death.

"The condemned man was not by nature or inclination a criminal. He had never been arrested before he was taken into custody for murder.

"The sheriff, who shook hands with him on the gallows just before the drop fell, had a genuine liking for him. He offered the condemned man the usual merciful portion of liquor before the execution, but the man refused it.

"By the way, I have seen several persons hanged, and I think this man was the only one I ever saw go to the scaffold without being 'doped' with liquor, and he was the steadiest in nerve of them all. His only betrayal of weakness, if it was such, was his noticeable clinging to the sheriff's hand before releasing it."—Washington Post.

In the Berth Below.

It is asserted by some naturalists that the puma, the second largest of the big cats of South America, neither feared man nor regarded human beings as its prey, but on the contrary sought their society. The following anecdote from "Animal Artisans," by Mr. C. J. Cornish, long a resident of British Guiana, supports the belief that the puma seeks the society of man instead of attacking or fearing him.

When making an expedition up one of the large rivers in a steam launch our friend gave a passage to an elderly Cornish miner who was anxious to reach the gold fields. Not wishing to intrude upon his hosts, he did not sleep on board the launch, but always swung his hammock between two trees on shore. As climbing into a high slung hammock is not easy, he usually fastened it rather low, and his weight probably brought it to within three feet of the ground at the bottom of the curve. One morning, being asked how he had slept, he complained that "the frogs had made such a noise underneath his hammock that they had kept him awake."

Some Indians of the crew who were folding up the hammock laughed a good deal when they heard this, and being asked the reason, said, still laughing, "Oh, 'tiger' sleep with old man last night!" They had found under the hammock the marks of where a puma had lain. The noise which had kept the occupier of the hammock awake was the purring of the puma, pleased at occupying the "next berth" below a man.

A Glimpse of Ouida.

Ouida (Louise de la Ramee), in green silk, sinister clever face, hair down, small hands and feet, voice like a carving knife; also her mother. At dinner puns and jokes; Ouida silentish. The ladies go to the drawing room upstairs and when, after an interval, we follow them we hear before the door opens a voice going on inside like a saw and on entering find Ouida saying in loud, harsh tones, "Women are ungenerous, cruel, pitiless!" Planche, taking refuge on an ottoman, with a face expressing humorous alarm: "God bless my soul! I think they're angels. I adore them. They're the best half of the world."

Ouida, with severity: "I entirely disagree. The woman nearly always leads the man astray," etc. "Women can't be impersonal."

Mr. Cassell philosophizes on the subject rather materialistically. Ouida departs after inviting Planche and me to visit her at the Langham hotel, where she is biding at present with her mother and an immense dog. She carries a portrait of the latter around her neck in a locket, which she detached after dinner and handed around for inspection, with the remark, "This is my hero" (perhaps the hero of one of her books). She asked somebody present, "Have you read my last book?" "Not yet."—"William Allengham, a Diary."

Why He Is a Bachelor.

"I've been very close to matrimony several times," remarked a confirmed old bachelor at an uptown club, "and every time my inclination has been sidetracked by the same sort of incident—the discovery of a trait which appears to be practically universal among the fair sex."

"Drink?" asked the cynic.

"No; the confidence game. Every woman I ever knew intimately was sure to relate to me eventually something in 'strictest confidence,' which later it appeared had been told to her in 'strictest confidence.' I won't tie up with a woman who does that."

"Guess you'll die single, all right," said the cynic.

"I'm sure of it," said the bachelor.—New York Globe.

She Knew.

"In looking out do you notice how bright is the green of the grass and the leaves?" asked a gentleman of a little girl whose home he was visiting.

"Yes, sir."

"Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?" he next asked, looking down upon the bright, sweet face with tender interest.

"Because ma has cleaned the window, and you can see better," she said.

BRILLIANT BAIT.

Gaudy Lures by Which Salmon and Trout Are Fooled.

No one except a fisherman or a fly dresser has the faintest conception of the enormous variety of materials used in the manufacture of flies, especially salmon flies.

Trout flies are made to resemble various real insects, but salmon flies have no likeness to anything that inhabits earth, air or water, and to this day no one knows why the king of fish is fool enough to snatch at the gaudy lures which are cast across the pools above his head.

Take such a well known salmon fly as the "silver doctor." The feathers of five different birds are used to build it —namely, those of the Indian crow, the blue jay, the pheasant, the turkey and the pintail duck. Silver wire, yellow floss silk, sky blue hackle and scarlet wool are also necessary for the tying of this fly.

There is hardly any brilliantly plumaged bird known whose feathers are not in demand for fly tying. Jungle fowl, blue chatterer, scarlet ibis, bustard, swan, macaw, peacock, mallard, Indian roller, teal, wood duck, grouse, eagle and florican are only a few of those whose feathers are stowed away in the drawers of any fishing tackle manufacturer.

You will also find gold and silver wire, gold and silver tinsel, silk of every color under the sun, chenille of many different hues, worsted, mohair and fur of a number of different animals.

There is an artificial gray gnat used for trout fishing which is made partly of mouse whiskers and is in consequence one of the most expensive trout flies which you can purchase.

Gaudy flies for salmon fishing are no new invention. Writing two and a half centuries ago, Richard Franck says:

"Remember always to carry your dubbing bag about with you, wherein ought to be silk of all sorts, thread, thrums, moccado ends and cruels of all sizes and varieties of color, diversified and stained wool, with dogs' and bears' hair, besides twisted fine threads of gold and silver, with feathers from"— And he goes on with a long list of birds of brilliant plumage.

But even for the noble salmon there are many other baits used besides the fly. The most deadly is without doubt salmon roe, the use of which is prohibited in almost every part of the civilized world. The "gardener's fancy"—in other words the common lobworm—is a first class salmon bait, and so is prawn boiled to a delicate pink hue. On most good rivers these baits are of course illegal.

Some believe in anointing their baits with various strong smelling oils or unguents. The above mentioned Richard Franck did so. He advocates putting the worms into a lignum vitae box which has first been anointed with "the chymical oil of bays, sulphur, Barbados tar, ivy or cornu cervi." Poor worms! One wonders how long they survived in such a horrible mixture.

Trout will take a very wide variety of bait. A grasshopper is most killing, and so is a blue bottle set on a small hook and used with a blow line.

The roach fisher knows the virtue of boiled wheat. The softened grains are taken with eagerness by these fish, while perch will go vigorously for a clump of flour and water dough. A perch has been taken by an angler who had run short of bait with the eye of a previous capture stuck upon the point of a hook.

Thames fishermen will tell you the virtues of cheese paste as a bait for chub, and these rather shy fish can also be taken with a very ripe cherry in which a hook is artfully concealed.

Almost all fish have cannibal propensities, so that the young of their own species prove an irresistible bait for the older and larger members. This is specially true of trout, and many an angler has known of cases where a small fish hooked has been seized before it could be brought to land by a larger one of the same variety.—Fly.

Deaf Elephants.

Solitary elephants, not necessarily "rogues," may be met with in all jungle country frequented by elephants, declares Harry Storey, the author of "Hunting and Shooting In Ceylon." A "solitary," he says, is rather fond of taking up its residence in the neighborhood of a village and helping itself contentedly to the villagers' produce.

Elephants in Ceylon have in general acquired a contempt for the presence of the ordinary villager and will walk through a fence as soon as look at it and help themselves to growing crops in spite of the watchers' presence, shouts or even firing of guns. A good deal of this indifference is due to the fact that there are many deaf elephants to be found all over the country, more than people imagine, and such animals are quite indifferent to any amount of noise. Let an elephant, however, once become aware that he is being hunted, and he becomes as wary and alert as possible.

I once heard of an elephant that was making havoc among the cattlemen in the great swamp of Diwulani and had been "proclaimed" for destruction. I made a forced march by night in faint moonlight, in course of which I walked slap into an elephant in a dark, swampy hollow, and I don't know which of us was the more startled, I or the elephant. Anyhow he made record time for the jungle, and I sat down to let my nerves recover a bit. Undoubtedly that was a deaf elephant.

"Cheer up! There is a silver lining to every cloud."

"Well, what good is that? I haven't got an airship."—Pick-Me-Up.

Raising Poultry.

No matter when you start in the poultry business, remember that you should always start with the best. If you have not enough money to buy many fowls buy only a pair and get the best you can and remember further that next year's produce may not even be as good as those you start with. It takes years of experience to master the art of raising fine poultry, and it is only after we have successfully studied the problem well that we can successfully mate our fowls year after year and show a constant improvement at the end of each season. Begin in a small way and study every point and avoid the mistakes that we once made. Don't expect $100 worth of poultry to bring you an income sufficient for your family. No investment will do that.—Farmer.

Simplicity.

I do believe in simplicity. It is astonishing as well as sad how many trivial affairs even the wisest man thinks he must attend to every day, how singular an affair he thinks he must omit. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem he first frees the equation of all incumbrances and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real. Probe the earth to see where your main roots run.—Thoreau.

FASCINATING GEOLOGY.

A Study That Stirs the Imagination and Wonder of Man.

"Perhaps the greatest era in the history of geology," says a writer in the London Times, "was that in which the cataclysmic conception of terrestrial changes gave place to a belief that such changes had, in large part at least, been gradual and continuous and produced by the slow operation of causes still in activity in all parts of the globe. The cataclysmic conception had its original source no doubt in the Biblical narrative of the deluge and in the extent to which the highly figurative language of that narrative had been impressed upon the minds of many generations of men. It would naturally be supported by the phenomena of earthquakes and of volcanic eruptions, phenomena visibly and even startlingly productive of great local changes and seeming to afford at least possible or conceivable explanations of all other changes which had preceded them.

"It gradually came to be perceived that these great and startling events were really insignificant both in their character and in their extent when they were compared with those wrought by the simple influence of weather, by the splintering of rock surfaces by the freezing of water within crevices, by the denudation occasioned by rainfall and to be noted by those who are observant, in the turbidity of every streamlet after a shower, by the gradual conveyance of river mud to the bed of the ocean and by the alterations of land and water shown by fossil remains to have occurred, not once only, but frequently, in many parts of the globe. The fascination exercised by the pursuit of thus tracing back the lines of nature's handiwork has been strongly felt by many of the greatest intellects of the century, and hence it has followed that geology has been studied with an ardor which, in spite of the comparative newness of the pursuit, has already placed it in the front ranks of contemporary science.

"Those who are insensible to its fascinations or who are ignorant of the truths which it has revealed have often been disposed to deny or dispute its utility and to think that the time devoted to it might have been better employed. It might be sufficient to say that geology furnishes the knowledge which is essential to the economical and successful extraction of the mineral treasures of the earth, of the coal and iron which have done so much to create and foster the prosperity of England or, as Professor W. J. Sollas of Oxford put it in his address, that it has conducted water to our thirsty cities, has poured the gold of Africa into the lap of commerce and found diamonds to adorn the fair.

"But these things, he declared, were subordinate to the endeavors of the society to foster right thinking on the mysterious problems presented by the planet on which we dwell, and in this great conception of its work he will command the assent of all who recognize what has been in past time the effect of right thinking upon human history and its influence in raising mankind to the level which its most civilized representatives have now attained and from which they look forward to still further advances. The votaries of science have seldom been stimulated by mere utilitarianism; but, as a matter of fact, utility has followed in their footsteps wherever these have been directed."

Whittier's Loneliness.

He was essentially a lonely man. Romantic by temperament, susceptible to feminine charms and exactly constituted for the happiness of love and domestic life, he was doomed to austere celibacy. Filled with curiosity for distant places and having as contemporaries Irving, who spent over twenty years of his life in Europe; Cooper, who, besides his voyages, lived abroad seven successive years; Bryant, who made six excursions to the old world; Longfellow, who knew Europe perhaps better than his native land, Whittier's travels were bounded on the north by the limits of New England, on the east by the neighboring shore, on the south by Washington and on the west by Harrisburg. Brought up a Quaker, he was cut off from the cheerful human activities of New England churches, the most prominent feature of village social life. The curse of constant headaches and chronic insomnia made him almost a prisoner, or, as Barrett Wendell phrases it, he was 'generally troubled by that sort of robust poor health which frequently accompanies total abstinence.' But with all these discouragements, privations and enforced renunciations, he seems to have preserved the temperament of a beautiful child.—Professor W. L. Phelps in North American Review.

It Didn't Work.

A man who had been out of work for a long time suddenly recollected reading a story of a clerk who applied for a situation. He was courteously told that there was not a vacancy, and as he turned away he stooped and picked up a pin from the floor. The employer, struck by the action, called him back and said: "You seem a careful sort of man. Call back tomorrow, and we will give you a job."

Our hero therefore determined to copy this man's example, and next day saw him standing before a large manufacturer, having previously dropped a pin on the floor.

Getting the usual reply that there was no vacancy, he turned away and then, like the other man, stooped and picked up a pin. But the result was different.

"Here, Henry," shouted the employer, "see this fellow off the premises! A man who steals a pin would steal anything!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Chummy, Fearless Bird.

So unafraid are humming birds of man that they will readily enter open windows of houses if they see flowers within. I have even read of their visiting the artificial flowers on a lady's hat when she was walking out, and other writers speak of their taking sugar from between a person's lips. In a room they become confused and, being so frail, are apt to injure themselves by striking against objects. More than once I or members of my family have caught the frightened little waifs for their good and released them in the open air. It is of no use to try to keep them in captivity unless possibly it were in a greenhouse where there were plenty of flowers, for no artificial food has ever been found which will nourish them. Yet even there they would probably kill themselves by flying against the glass.—H. K. Job in Outing Magazine.

Stage Caricatures.

The comedians supposed to be broadly humorous in our travesties are either made up as Irishmen with green whiskers or Germans verging on imbecility. In France the stage brit is a caricature of the English globe trotter; in Germany, a freak imitation of our depictions of Uncle Sam.—Travel Magazine.

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FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1908.

Secretary Taft was not long back to his native hearth before he let the country know that he is a "live wire" when it comes to being a candidate for the Presidency.

Colonel Bryan says the donkey is really a better party emblem than the elephant. After all, like the old woman who kissed the cow, we presume this choice is purely a matter of taste.

A prominent business man remarked that he would not mind the omission of the motto "In God we Trust" from the new gold coins if were printed across the top of the new clearing house certificates the maxim of faith, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

The Boston Globe calls attention to the fact that there are three living vice presidents instead of two, as many people imagine the number to be. But no doubt it would puzzle a great many more people to name the two. The three are: Theodore Roosevelt, Levi P Morton and Adlai E. Stevenson.

A question is never settled until it is settled right. This axiom applies to politics as well as to any other proposition. The boomers in this county predict the election of Penrose, because there is no opposing candidate in sight except Flinn, of Pittsburgh. If the present Senior Senator should be re-elected, the question will not be settled.

The wife of the Lord Mayor of Philadelphia demands a social recognition and obeisance commensurate with the dignity and prominence of her husband's official position. Madam Reyburn has lived in Philadelphia long enough to know that if she has not hitherto been accepted into the exclusive circles of the Quaker City's aristocracy that she cannot break in on the strength of Penrose-McNichol-Vare votes.

Bucks county has no indebtedness. It has been many years since this county has been burdened with outstanding bonds. Other counties in the State are not so fortunately situated. Tioga county for instance, which is an agricultural county like Bucks, with 20,000 less population, but twice the area, this year reduced its bonded indebtedness $18,000. Last year the commissioners paid $12,000, making a total of $30,000 in two years. eleven years ago Tioga's debt was $165,000.

It is reported from Washington that Mr. Taft, in a frank conference with the President, offered to leave the Cabinet, suggesting that the retention of his present position might be an embarrassment to the administration during the next few months of political excitement, but the President urged him to remain, expressing perfect confidence in the integrity of his official acts and believing that certain lines of his work as war secretary could be better carried on by him than by any other man.

In the death of King Oscar, of Sweden, the Masonic fraternity loses an enthusiastic member. The late beloved ruler was raised in Masonry at the time of attaining his majority and was Grand Master of the order in his kingdom. It was he who performed the offices of Master when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was initiated as a Free Mason in 1868, the ceremony taking place at Stockholm. All of King Oscar's sons are Masons, as are most of the rulers of Europe. All the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Roosevelt, have been members of this ancient and honorable fraternity.

Pennsylvania's child labor law has been decried by the Child Labor Committee, yet Senator Lodge's bill to prohibit child labor in the District of Columbia is almost identical with the Pennsylvania statute. It provides that no child under fourteen be allowed to work in a factory, workshop, mercantile establishment, store, business office, restaurant, hotel, apartment house, or in transmission of merchandise or messages. It also provides that no child under fourteen shall engage in any work during the school hours.

The bill provides further, that no child under sixteen, shall work in a factory or mercantile establishment unless the employer keep a file showing the minors employed in the establishment, which shall be at all times ready for inspection, and that no child under sixteen shall work more than ten hours during a day or after 7 o'clock at night. A notice of the hours of work which the employer demands of the minors must be posted. All these provisions are in the Pennsylvania law.

The decision of John A. Roebling, the millionaire son of the Brooklyn bridge builder, to abandon his residence at Asheville, N. C., and give away his magnificent mansion there nearly complete to the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, is admitted frankly by Mr. Roebling to be due to the recent vote of the place for prohibition. He has spent ten years in Asheville and has put half a million dollars into his estate adjoining Biltmore, the Vanderbilt establishment, but now says that he will not live in a town that abridges personal liberty in this way. He speaks of the harmony and good feeling that has characterized Asheville and of its hospitable and progressive citizens all "working together to make this the great resort town of the South." Then continues: "Now there has come a discordant note. A strange philosophy is being preached among us. We are told that grown men are unsuited to be the judges of their own personal habits. * * * To drink alcoholic liquor is not wrong per se from any point of view. Therefore to sell such liquor is not wrong per se. Prohibition is an attempt to declare a thing wrong which is not wrong. Is the saloon a cause or an effect? Saloons exist because men drink. Let the prohibitionists who would reform the drunkard stop drinking with him. The consensus of opinion of the best and strongest minds is that high license is the best system of regulation; that prohibition is wrong in principle and contrary to the fundamentals of our system of government. The success of prohibition at the election means that the money market will become tight." He adds that most of the cities which have tried it have gone back to license and that prohibition drives or impels young men to lawless dens. Mr. Roebling will return to the home of his father at Trenton.

"The new firm is going to make shoes out of all kinds of skins." "Not out of banana skins?" "Yes, indeed! They'll make slippers out of them."

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

Jesse C. Everitt, former Clerk of the Orphans Court, is spoken of as a Democratic candidate for the Legislature.

Next year will be one of the most important elections that engages the attention of the voters of Bucks county. The ticket will be a large one besides candidates for Presidential electors, Supreme Court Judge and member of Congress there will be numerous candidates for county offices—two Assemblymen, Recorder of Deeds, Register of Wills, Sheriff, Clerk of Orphans Court, Clerk of Quarter Sessions, County Commissioners, Director of Poor and Auditors.

The following was written by the Doylestown correspondent of the Newtown Enterprise:

"According to the first annual report, which will soon be made public, the Doylestown Building and Loan Association's initial year has been very successful. This institution is doubtless upon a substantial basis, and in the near future its influence will likely be felt in the improvement of the town. The high price of building material has been the means of keeping down the number of new houses here, but a building boom is expected soon and it may start the coming season. There is a demand for good houses at reasonable rental, but the difficulty here is that rents are too high for the earning capacity of the people, which materially lessens the demand for houses.

"It is not usual for the political pot to begin to boil as early as the holiday season, but the primaries coming in April makes this an exception. As usual, there is more talk about Republican than Democratic candidates, but so far very few candidates have announced themselves. Henry S. Beidler, of Doylestown, who fell without the breastworks in the primary contest last spring for County Treasurer, has announced his candidacy for the Sheriff's nomination. Mr. Beidler showed considerable strength in Doylestown and surrounding districts when he ran before. How the leaders feel towards his candidacy has not developed. Reuben R. Landis, of Dublin, will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Clerk of the Quarter Sessions. On the Democratic side there has been no public announcement of candidacies, but it is understood that Edmund Mason, of Morrisville, will seek the County Commissioner nomination. The availability of prominent Democrats for other offices has been the subject of quiet discussion. If Jesse C Everitt, ex-Clerk of the Orphans' Court, can be prevailed upon to take the down-county nomination for the Legislature, he would probably be unopposed at the primaries. The name of John H. Mitchell, late Democratic candidate for Register, is also mentioned in connection with the Legislative nomination."

What is known as the "spring primaries," when candidates will be nominated to be voted for at the November election, will be held this year throughout the State, by all political parties, on Saturday, April 11. The last day for filing petitions with the County Commissioners, for county offices, will be Saturday March 21. In cases of candidates for the Legislature, however, petitions must be filed with the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and not with the County Commissioners. These petitions must be filed at least four weeks prior to the primary the last day for filing being Saturday, March 14, the number of signatures required being 60. The County Commissioners of Bucks county have decided that nominations of candidates to be voted for at the February election shall be made in the manner prevailing prior to the passage of the Uniform Primary act, as this law makes it optional in boroughs and townships as far as the spring elections are concerned.

Bristol Trolley Sets the Pace.

Doylestown Democrat.

The Philadelphia, Bristol and Trenton Street Railway Company, operating the trolley line between Trenton and Philadelphia, has adopted a package system that will doubtless bring the company considerable revenue. All packages which bear a 5-cent stamp, to be issued by the company will be delivered to their destination or the nearest station thereto. The stamps are to be sold either at the central offices of the company or by the conductors on the cars. Six stamps are sold for 25 cents and twenty-four for a dollar. The system goes into effect on January 1. This is cheap package transportation for patrons of the road and should become so popular as to make the system a money getter for the company. Other trolley roads might find it profitable to adopt a plan similar to that of the Bristol corporation.

The Country Girl in Town.

It is a joy to watch a young couple from the country. A town young man slouches along indifferently with the girl he walks up the street with. If she stops to look in at a window, he either gazes up and down the street, looking bored, or else says, impatiently, "Oh, come on." If the girl goes in a store the town young man waits outside looking cross, or else walks on down the street seldom even raising his hat upon leaving the young woman. But the young man from the country has on his very best clothes when he brings one of his young women friends to town. In walking up the street he walks close to her and sees she is not josted by the crowd. When she stops to look in a store window, he stops, too, and points out the things he admires. When she goes in a store to trade he goes, too, and looks at the things she selects with great interest, frequently offering advice, which the girl sometimes laughs at, and sometimes accepts. Later on they eat dinner at some restaurant and there is nothing in that restaurant too good for the young man to order for that dinner. Then they make another round of the stores, and, along in the afternoon, drive up the street in a good looking light buggy, and on out into the country to their homes. Any town girl may envy the country girl the attention she receives when a young man brings her to town.—Atchison, Kansas, Globe.

Millions of Washington Relics.

The town of Bristol, Pa., has an old hotel, named the "Red Lion," says the Lancaster New Era. Passing without comment why a hotel should be named after an animal that never had an existence, we would direct attention to another point. There was a public sale at this old hostelry the other day. That fact was made use of to call attention to the fact that General Washington had often been sheltered there, and we were further told that many of the bidders were perched upon the stumps of trees that formerly shaded the Father of His Country when he took his mid-day siesta beneath their boughs.

All this serves to call up the Washington "relic cult," which has been so assiduously worked on the American public during the past quarter of a century. General Washington was, we believe, at the time of his death the richest man in the United States, and, therefore, able to buy books, snuff boxes and all manner of bric-a-brac, from cut glass to candlesticks and snuffers. If we are to believe what the catalogues of Washingtonians tell us he owned more books than are in the Congressional library, more mahogany sofas and chairs than could today be found in the most extensive furniture store in the country; more chinaware and pottery generally than the great factories at Limoges can turn out in a single year; more wine sets and drinking glasses and glassware generally than any wholesale glassware house in the land; while the silver forks, spoons, ladles, pitchers, cream sets, mugs and jugs that his plump wife, Martha, owned, would outshine and outnumber the collections of Tiffany & Company, or Bailey, Banks & Biddle. Why everybody has them. We are by no means sure that if the reader of this should investigate his own silver chest, if he has one, a dozen Washington relics would turn up, every one of which could be duly authenticated by some accompanying testimonial, or, lacking that, one might easily be prepared that would answer every purpose.

The only wonder is, how all these well-attested relics and remains could find proper lodgment in the buildings we know to have been in existence on the Mount Vernon estate. Mansion house, slave quarters, the barns, and even hound kennels, must have been filled with these relics of George and Martha. But, strange things happen in this world of ours, and the twentieth century is an age of wonders.

☞Hand-painted china novelties for wedding presents and prizes, from $1.00 up, Douglass Pharmacy.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

THE BLEEDING HEART.

Until within a few weeks ago, there was a general impression existing among our people, that President Roosevelt might possibly be induced to succeed himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States; but that is a thing of the past. However, there is one thing that remains—the Rooseveltian spirit—a spirit that breathes and lives; and dares and does, that is the spirit which must dominate the mind and heart of any candidate for the Presidency of the United States, regardless of his party politics. His brain and his heart must be as big as the country he aspires to govern. His ideas of a "square deal," of growth, of development, of meeting emergencies, of dealing with other nations—must be like those of Theodore Roosevelt.

"With Roosevelt," said a French daily some months ago, "it is insatiable imperialism, dreams of expansion, young ambitions flattered, increase of the army, development of the navy, ever-increasing activity of diplomacy, the half-caught glimpse of a world-policy, the speedy entry of the young republic into the European concert, the young republic prodigal of its advice, dictating its wishes and exacting its part of the cake each time it is proposed to cut it."

True! every word of it is true. The French daily did not want it to be true, but it is true, and we are glad it is true. And the only fear that is gnawing the very vitals out of our bodies and sapping the life blood of our hearts, is that, we shall not find another Roosevelt to fill the Presidential chair for the next four years. These things are not merely Rooseveltian policies. They are the direct results of the natural growth and development of our country, and no man is fit to be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, who does not realize the magnitude of the work before him.

Who among us can stop the "dreams of expansion," anymore than we can stop the growth of great industries? Who can stop the "increase of the army" in the face of our rapidly increasing population; and the belligerent attitude of foreign nations? Who can stop the "development of our navy" with all Europe adding new demons of destruction to its navies, and Japan strutting over the lands and the seas with a chip on her shoulder? Who can stop "the speedy entry of the young republic into the European concert" when we all know that Europe dare not discuss any far reaching policies without inviting her to participate in the debate? Who can stop this nation from "dictating its wishes and exacting its part of the cake each time it is proposed to cut it." when such a nation as Russia persists in trying to erect barriers against our foreign trade-markets? Do we misjudge the average American citizen when we say that he stands for these things? Nay! he promotes them—he works for them. Away down in the sub-consciousness of his soul he yearns for them. It is all a part of his glorious heritage. He sucked the spirit of growth and development from his mother's breast, and he stakes his life, and property, and all that is worth having in life, upon the righteousness of his cause. This is why he wants a President like Roosevelt—this is why his heart bleeds—because he cannot find another man like him.

THE NEW YEAR.

We are in the New Year. It is the year 1908. Naturally we hope to get the most out of it we can. We have resolved to do great things this year. We have read somewhere that to "lengthen a year, we must put a great deal into it," and that "one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name." Therefore, we have made up our minds to make the most of the new born year.

Of course we know that our life is largely a condition of expectation; that we are continuously looking forward to something which is to come; and we know that our expectations are not always realized. Nevertheless, we are determined to live in the future. The past is gone. We must move on. To some of us the year 1907 was a happy, prosperous, providential year; to others, a bitter, disastrous year. Let that pass. We are in the New Year. We must move forward. Hope, Faith, Courage, Love—all call out to us a message of encouragement. The New Year is an appropriate time, then, for us to make our good resolutions. They are easily made; easily broken. Very few of us make them. Nevertheless, we shall get busy in this line. We are resolved to make the year 1908 a year of deeds. Deeds; not words—they are the pearls of great price. Our good resolutions too often melt away, like the snow. Snow looks beautiful to us at the first, but by and by it becomes an eye-sore. Likewise good resolutions. Do something. That is the thing. We are resolved to try it. We cannot escape accountability nor responsibility. We are under obligations to favor actively whatever methods shall best promise to enlarge the efficiency of ourselves, our neighbors and our town. We are not merely to look with complacency upon other people and their doings, Nor upon the town life and its issues. No, we are to do our share of the work.

Therefore, we are resolved to study every problem connected with the social, political, ethical and religious life of the community. We are going to make it our business to know more about the health question—the water question—the sewerage question—the hospital question—the good road question—the gas question—the day electric light and power question—the Otter street traction question—the local option question—the public school question—all the questions, in fact, that are vital to the best interests of our borough family.

And furthermore, we are resolved to do this in the proper spirit. We are not going to allow ourselves to get into any carping, hypercritical mood, but we are going to "possess our souls in patience." We shall try to remember that Rome was not made in a day, that despite difficulties and drawbacks we are moving ahead; that new buildings look good to us, and that old ones share our confidence; that typhoid fever is a thing of the past, and that the clear, cold, sparkling water, which alike quenches our thirst and drenches our fires, is largely responsible for this healthful condition.

And finally, as the preachers say, we are resolved to do all in our power to foster the spirit of a proper civic rivalry; to alleviate irritating conditions, and to harmonize discordant notes.

A DULL SEASON.

Everything in the shape of a newspaper report, or a business man's opinion indicates an improvement in the financial situation. The market seems broadening and strengthening, and there is a marked tendency to speak of a clarified financial atmosphere, notwithstanding the efforts of Wall Street to cloud the financial horizon, or the corporate interests of the country to befog the situation. It looks as if the pendulum was going to swing the other way.

However, there is still need for financial conservatism There is a conflict of opinion upon the subject of immediate prosperity. Our Bristol firms are not at all sanguine about their business outlook, nor are some of them running on full time. Some of our best men think President Roosevelt's determination to leave the White House at the expiration of his term of office will have a tendency to prolong the financial distress, while others think just the opposite.

The fact remains that right here in Bristol there is only a partial resumption of business among our large manufacturers, and that many of our factory hands are laid off for a longer or shorter time. While work is hard to find in any manufacturing line this would seem to indicate a continuance of the financial distress, but it cannot last much longer. There is hope in the human heart, and we are inclined to believe that the best time of our national existence is before us.

LOOKING AHEAD.

We celebrate our New Year's days, making them seasons of sober reviewings and high resolvings; and we do well. Indeed, we cannot too intelligently, even anxiously, contemplate the approach of another year, and what it shall mean for us all. So far the past year has done well. Its forces are simply immense. One almost loses breath at the bare enumeration of its triumphs; and yet, these are but types and samples—not any fair exhibits of the year's work.

But they suggest this other thought, that there is far more energy at work on the earth now than formerly; that possibly there are almost any number of forces in Nature that are lying latent now, which, one by one, are to be brought into activity; and these, along with the augmented energies of the old, are to make the coming year vital and immense with consequence. "We are but dipping our feet in the wavelets," says Dr. Denis Wartman, "along the shore, only playing sailor in the smallest skiffs, or with tiny paper boats before setting forth in stout ships upon the circumnavigation of a globe Little do we suspect what discoveries are before us alike in physical and psychical life. Little idea ours of the huge contest shortly to go on."

We know the past year with its lights and shadows, and we stand in front of a new year; and it presses on What is to emerge from its silence and darkness, for ourselves, for our homes, for our towns, for our cities, for our state, for our nation? We gaze upon the cloudy curtain, but it does not rise at our bidding; and we cannot read it or see what lies beyond. Its disclosures, however, ought not to take by surprise a student of the times. He is always in some measure prepared for what is coming in the future, by the records of the past.

Therefore, let us say that, in the ever-shifting changes and contradictions of public opinion; in the effacement of ancient landmarks, and the slackening of the most trusted keystones, we see a spirit at work—call it the spirit of the age or not which is only beginning to reveal its aim and potency. A vast change is going on in our national life—a change that is affecting all life. We hear a great deal of these changes, but in so far as we have seen, little of the talk goes to the root of the matter. It contents itself with noticing the surface changes, changes which express themselves in mills, railroads, shops, houses and the outward manner of life, the deep meaning of many of these changes, they do not see.

There are other lines of thought, more profitable for ourselves, and more needed by the country, than the summing up of the number of miles of railroads built, the increase of population, the improvement of mill sites, the opening of mines, or even the building of great cities. The enormous increase of crime, ignorance, and heathenism, are questions of vital moment. They should be discussed—reckoned with by our great statesmen, orators, preachers, newspapers and magazines. At one time in the history of the country, wealth was pretty evenly distributed. The enormously rich were few. The abjectly poor were nearly as few. But, meanwhile, Europe has emptied some of its least fragrant streams upon our shores. Men seek to get all they can of the good things that are going, like a lot of street gamins at a Christmas dinner. The distinction between rich and poor is growing quite as marked as in any country whatever. In fact, we are repeating the old world's story over again, on a gigantic stage. The new nation is something of which the fathers did not dream.

We are in a period of transition. But transition ought to be a law of progress; not death. Hence, it is not transition itself which gives character to any period, but rather the manner of that especial forward movement which is going on within it, the passage from the old to the new may be like a tree's growth, by almost imperceptible processes, a quiet gliding forward, through an unfelt dealth into new and larger life. Or it may be the sudden shock and upheaval, as the earthquake, which overturns and rends apart and swallows up the old until only its wreck or its memory is left. But whether by ordered development or by crashing resolution, the process goes on continuously and old things are passing away that all things may become new.

THE MORAL ISSUE.

We are told that righteousness exalteth a nation; that each new age has its special search to make; its new task to discover and to do, in the direction of righteousness. In this respect there has been no resting place in the march of human society. Change has been inexorable. The march has sometimes been quiet and peaceful, sometimes tumultuous and bloody. Whatever may be the specific features of our day it is apparent that we are in the presence of some potent facts to which we may not close our eyes.

One feature of our age is prosperity. No great writer disputes the assertion of our unbounded material prosperity; our freedom from war, famine and pestilence; our fruitful seasons and plentiful harvests. And, yet, we are not happy. The social life of the nation is not right, there is a screw loose somewhere. Men are not cursed to their faces; but behind their backs. Personal abuse and detraction, which from their subtle nature, lie chiefly outside the range of civil law, exceed the limits of justice. Equality is wholly ideal. Something is wrong. What is it?

Is it not a lack of moral foundation? Is it not a question of righteousness, rather than a problem of tariff, or currency, or capital and labor, or social purity, or political graft? Are not all these things governed by righteousness or the lack of righteousness? Take it in the early history of the Hebrew nation; did not the old prophets have a wonderful way of attributing national troubles to national un-righteousness? And has not the downfall of every other nation been attributed to national un-righteousness? Is it not a fact that the moral and physical world are more related than we suspect; that something more than physical chance turns a paradise into a waste of thorns and thistles; that something more than an accident of temperature and climate causes a wilderness of social poverty and squalor to blossom into thrift?

Let the answer be given in the words of another: "When in this land, with its unlimited material resources, multitudes have to fight hard for very subsistence there is a moral clog in the wheels of the social machinery, which needs not the lubrication of expediency, so much as a thorough-going repair in the light of conscience. Whether cities and towns in the United States shall be gardens or deserts depends a great deal on how men observe some primary rules of conduct as old as Moses."

That is the right word. The details of action are ever to be wrought out under the clear eye of personal insight, and under the agency of conscience; both present for this very end. The right position will be taken by all well-meaning advocates of reform—social, political, or otherwise, when they read with profound conviction, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

PETER PAN.

SPIRITUAL AMERICAN CITIES

By Salvarona.

Associate of the American Institute for Scientific Research of New York. Author of "The Wisdom of Religious Passion," "The Case of Albert le Baron," "Alma," "Wicota," "The Mind of the Master, or the Nervous System of Jesus," etc.

(Written for the Gazette.)

(The author has modernized some of Esop's fables, in order to show the following point, namely: How very far some—not all—of "our" Bucks County family-religious-cliques are from extending that universal love to all their fellow-men as expressed by the Mind of the Master. As far as the Pig Pens of the Farmers are below the glories of the Sun, Moon and Stars, so far are such inhumane ideals below those of the Divine Working Man of Nazareth.)

The Spiritual City of Ignorant Monied Society Women.

This Spiritual City lies in those Socially-arrogant regions of the Mountains of Family Pride which overlook the Valleys of Financial Pompous Valuation. The inhabitants, mostly women, ride hobby-horses formerly bred in the Ordination Stables of the Vatican. These steeds have little church-bells fixed in their ankles. Henry VIII manufactured one of the sets of harness worn by these horses. When these hobby-horses of Social Importance are rode by rich Society Women the church-bells on the horses' ankles make music as the women ride and gallop the horses along the streets.

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From Society's Swells, Swells, Swells,
Swells, Swells, Swells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the Swells!

In the American villages the wives of rich men pay grooms and jockeys—called "our" clergymen—to take care of these hobby-horses and to polish the church-bells on the horses' ankles to show them off to the poor. One of the fabulists of these people gives us the following paraphrase of the New Testament saying concerning the Throwing of Pearls before Sows and Boars and Little Pigs, and the Hog family in general:

Once upon a time a White Society Berkshire Sow of Colonial blood, who was sick with Ennui, was recommended to take some Pearls of Philosophy by an old Mare who was a mid-wife. "I will on one condition," protested the White Society Sow from Berkshire, whose Ennui had become unbearable, "And that condition is that you bring me the fattest oysters in the market with every pearl." This was agreed to by the Mare. Whereupon the Society Sow of Colonial blood promptly declared the pearls of Philosophy indigestible, but fattened so exceedingly on the oysters that she could not be lifted out of the Society Pig Sty, and so was promptly killed by Mr. Socialist, the butcher.

Here's one of the Jockey's poems; meaning by Cats the Bishops:

Mice should not cultivate their reason:
Explained the Cats, fearing loss of their prey;
For if Mice think—in and out of season—
They will never remain a Cat's lawful prey!
We Cats must declare such Science is treason,
Because it destroys all the right of our sway.
For how can a Mouse live without a Cat's creed?—
A Mouse with no creed for a Cat has no need.

The Spiritual City of the Secret Good-doers.

Travelers who flute the praises of the inhabitants of the City of the Secret Good-Doers, says that their City is bounded by the magnificent Spiritual Water-sheds of the Beautiful Rivers of Spirituality, Sympathy, Moral-merit and Education. The splendid range of Spiritual Mountains surrounding the City are of the most perfect Primitive Christian Granite; with exceeding rich veins of Ethical Gold. These people count it the most terrible of crimes not to do Secret Good; or to publish any good done. Every day these people go into Private Barrel Vaults in Absolute Secrecy to arrange means whereby they can help Strangers, the Sick, the Fated, the Poor, and the Heart-broken, and Ignorant. The Secret Good-doers wear no "meeting" or other church name; will unite with no religio-social society; and absolutely refuse to comply with the conventional church methods of parading their sacred religious feelings by merely going to Church Services, Prayer Meetings or to hear Sermons. Therefore, a large number of Ministers are bitter enemies of these people; as are "our" church officers, who feel chagrined because the social importance of "our" own special church is lessened in mere empty passing popularity by the Secret Good-doers not attending "our" meetings. This Spiritual City of the Secret Good-doers is unknown to the most of the people, because it is hidden in the Dense Magnificent Forests of Subconscious Spiritual Character. Giant Trees of Charity, Faith and Hope, grow to such a great size that the clergymen cannot get them into their churches. The Secret Good-doers sometimes call their church the church of the four H's; viz., Humanity, Heart, Home and Heaven.

The City of the Congregationalists

In the old Puritan centre of this Spiritual City is the extinct Volcano of New England Mysticism. In earlier times this great Spiritual volcano used to throw its hot lava through the air as far as Boston. The lava is now worked up into creeds and Calvinistic dogmas for Ecclesiastical purposes. One of the Fabulists of this great Spiritual City of Congregationalism gave me the following fable:

The Congregational Stag of Dogma with his very sharp horns of Popular Orthodoxy once got the best of the Horse of Mysticism and drove him out of the Society pasture, where the two used to browse together. In order to defeat the Stag of Dogma the Horse allowed a man named Calvin to catch, bridle and saddle him. In this way the Congregational Stag was temporarily defeated. But the Horse of Mysticism was very bitterly disappointed, because the man Calvin would not take off his bridle after the Stag of Dogma was whipped, but continued to ride the Horse of Mysticism mercilessly for a century.

So this is how one of the poets refers to the matter:

A Stag—hearing a poor old mare—astrand—
Neighing for pasture and a field to rest—
Suggested some Congregational land
Where spiritual Clover bloomed at its best,
'But of course my friend you will understand,'
Explained the Stag with fine humor and zest;
That we charge for "our" clover by the load;
And need you to haul it along "our" road!'

Some of the inhabitants of the Spiritual City of Congregationalism are Moral Taxidermists. They prepare the ethical-skins of extinct religionists for the purposes of the church-naturalist. The chief psychological means employed in preparing the ethical skins of Old Testament religionists for ecclesiastical stuffing is to remove it carefully from the body of history, and having cleaned away from it any of the adherent flesh-of-common-sense, to anoint it with arsenical Calvinistic soap. The formulae for the making of this soap is as follows: A Priori arsenic, 1 ounce. Imagination soap, 2 ounces.

[There is no affinity between Primitive Christianity and "Our Church" and "Our Views." The words "Our Church" mean Sectarianism; and the terms "Our Church Views" mean Dogma. Primitive Christianity knows nothing of either. The word "Our"—in a Church sense—means monopoly—special privilege—exclusiveness—banishment socially of those who will not accept "Our" views—moral and religious ostracism for all who will not "join us." The fact that Religious Bodies like the "Friends," "Brethren," "Disciples," and others use New Testament names does not exempt them from being classed as ostracising—exclusive—banishing — monopolistic — as religious trusts in the strictest sense of the word "trust." The words "Our Meeting," "Our Church," and "Our Views" are therefore words which simply express "Our" current religio social forms of unjust Social Monopoly. Forms of unrighteous Religious organization, which (as Religio-social Monopolies) unwearyingly seek to use the Intellect, Soul, Moral Nature, and Wealth of Man so that—as Religious-social Monopolies—"Our Church," or "Our Churches" can use Man's Intellect, Spiritual Nature, and Money to advance "Our Views," "Our Newspapers," and "Our Colleges." The writer affirms that there is no spiritual and moral affinity between Primitive Christianity, the Divine Workingman of Nazareth and such modern conditions. The words "Our Church" therefore mean inhumanity and social injustice.]

The Spiritual City of Perfect Justice.

The Mountains of Joy in the immediate environments of this city are clad with magnificent Forests of Spiritual Strength; and, in its Valleys of Hard-won Merit the Roses of Reward grow and blossom the year round. Its Ports and Harbors of Equity afford perfect safety to the Ships of Industry, Talent and Genius. Its Ethical paths are well paved—as streets of Moral Endeavor—with the Macadam of Divine Reason. Through the centre of the Spiritual City of Perfect Justice flows the extensive and beautiful River of Hope, and on whose banks bloom Lilies of the Valley. The spiritual inhabitants of this city are the most beautiful people in the universe. They believe in a Grand Future for Man; and, that God designed that Man's spiritual nature should have its beginning in the most humble speck of matter known to the imagination of history. One of the poets of the Spiritual City of Perfect Justice as an assumed penman of God once wrote the following stanza expressing the fact of Man's gradual development—by Suffering—up, from his prehistoric humble beginning, through the lowest form of life to the present. The Coming of Man to the present plane of Intelligence being the effect of countless millions of years of refining suffering.

The Coming of Man—like the Roar of the Oceans—
Has been like the Seas in the Breath of the Storm!
His Heart has been torn—and his Soul has been riven—
His Joy has been short—and his Curse has been long;
But the Bow of My Promise still spreads in the Heaven—
I have not destroyed the Great Sign of My love;
I stand at the Door of the Ark of Creation,
And take in thy Word like a storm-beaten Dove;—
And press to My Bosom the World that I love!

STORIES WITH A LOCAL FLAVOR.

(Written for the Gazette.)

Bristol has a colored fortune-teller who does a very thriving business, straightening out love tangles at fifty cents per tangle. One day a wagon laden with farm produce passed by. As the Madam was engaged in consoling some love lorn maiden at the time, the farmer and his team reached the end of the street before the fortune-teller could respond to his cry. Addressing an Irishman standing near-by the Madam asked if the farmer had any potatoes on his wagon, "Well, my good woman," responded the son of St. Patrick, "you are the one who knows it all past, present and future, and you should know what that man is selling without bothering a poor omadhon like me."

Two prominent Bristolians went for a trolley ride. During the course of the journey they passed a well-kept cemetery. "Choice lots for sale on easy terms," read aloud one of the companions. "Dead easy terms," commented the other, without a smile.

Two young women were living at service in the home of a well-known seed-farmer. One was prone to oversleep herself were it not for the watchfulness of her companion. One day Miss Sleepyhead chanced to enter the library where her help mate was dusting. "I cannot see why folks have so many books," commented the late arrival, "I'm certainly not a book-worm." "Not at all," replied Miss Wideawake, "you are a bed-bug."

An Irish lass living at service on Radcliffe street came running into the kitchen to tell the cook that the mistress had asked her (the chambermaid) to wash the bedroom windows, and she had refused, point blank. "An' why did ye refuse" asked the queen of the kitchen, somewhat surprised. "Because, when at home I fell from the second-story window, an' my poor head has never been the same since," replied the maid re-adjusting her white cap. "Faith then," commented the cook, with a shy wink at the coachman, "'there is not a poor man's house in all Carneo but what one could sit on the top of the chimney and draw back the bolt in the front dure.'"

Little Willie was very bright for his years, and quick to catch the slang phrases used by his elders One day his mother became very ill, and Willie was commanded to make as little noise as possible. Several mornings later the nurse entered the nursery, and introduced Master William to a younger brother who had just arrived. Willie was delighted beyond measure. Jumping out of bed, and running into his mother's room he exclaimed: "O mamma, the doctor brought us a brand-new baby last night! What do you know about that?"

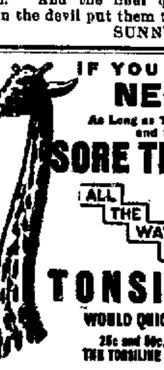
In the palmy days befo' de wah, a colored preacher of the real old plantation type, held sway over a local congregation. He was a fine old darkey, making up in natural eloquence what he lacked in theological training. The dominie was much given to pounding the top of the pulpit during the course of his sermons; so much so that in one spot the covering was entirely worn away. Being beloved by the people, the young ladies of the parish thought it would be well to give the old man an Easter surprise by adorning the pulpit with a new piece of Brussels carpet. To think was to act; so on Saturday the misses viewed the result of their labors with infinite satisfaction.

Everything might have passed off well, had not some of the boys in the neighborhood, Tom McClain and that crowd, perhaps, noticed what was going on. Thinking to improve matters they quietly removed the carpet, and placing some spare tacks, points upwards, on the spot where the preacher was wont to strike the oftenest, replaced the covering and awaited results.

The old pastor was delighted with kindnesses shown by the young ladies and the better to show his appreciation, took for the subject of his morning discourse, the race question.

"Beloved brethren," cried the preacher, warming up to his work, "if you goes into a butcher shop for a piece of meat you don't ask whether the meat is from a white cow or a black one. You just picks up your money's worth and you goes home!" "Yes indeed dee!" chimed in Brother Jordan. Then rising to the occasion, and striking the pulpit with terrific force as the last of the following words fell from his lips the parson roared. "And the final question am—Who in the devil put them tacks there?"

SUNNY SAMMY.


IF YOU HAD A NECK
As Long as This Fellow, and had
SORE THROAT
ALL THE WAY DOWN!
TONSILINE
WOULD QUICKLY CURE IT.
25c and 50c. All Druggists.
THE TONSILINE CO., Canton, O.

CHRISTMAS IN JAIL.

Contributed by Bristol W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Beauchamp, of Kentucky, says: "The women of the W. C. T. U., of Kentucky see that the prisoners have a Christmas dinner every year. One Christmas after we were through serving 1500 men that were in the Frankfort penitentiary, there were some cakes left. I took up a beautiful cake and handed it to a young man who had assisted us, and I said 'You have been so courteous and so kind today, won't you accept this from the Women's Christian Union?' The tears sprang to his eyes; he could scarcely control his voice. He thanked me and hurried away to conceal his emotion.

"I knew him, I know his family, and you would, too, if I should call his name. His father has represented this United States Government as a minister at a foreign court, and did it creditably. The son was under sentence in the penitentiary for life and I remembered when the sentence was passed. The report in the Courier-Journal read something like this, (calling his name): 'He is sentenced to the penitentiary today to wear the stripes for life. He meets there another brother, who also wears the stripes for life. Alas, alas, they put that into their mouths which stole away their brains. God pity them!' And I laid down the Courier-Journal and running to my husband I said, 'God pity the Christian fatherhood of this country that can license an institution the sole purpose of which is to tempt these sons and put that into their mouths which will steal away their brains.' God pity the Christian mothers of this nation who can sit at ease with folded hands in Zion while that is being licensed upon your streets which will tempt your boys and put that into their mouths which will steal away their brains! Do not forget, Christian women, that that Book says: 'Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion.'

"The young man went his way. Lunch was served to the ladies' committee in the large front room of the hospital building of the penitentiary. And after lunch this young man, who was one of the trusted ones in the prison, came to me and said, 'Mrs. Beauchamp, do you think that the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union would object to my asking some of my friends to come in and share my Christmas cake with me?' I said, 'Why certainly not. We would be most happy to have you do it.' But I wondered how this young man, brought up in a home of culture and refinement, a graduate of an Eastern college, a young man who had all the polish and dignity that you would covet for your son or mine—how he could find men in the state prison that he would call his friends. And so, as I drew aside with the other ladies to the other end of the hospital, I had a sustained interest in what would transpire over at the table that was being laid for this young man and his friends. By and by they assembled around him. He had brought in seven, and there sat the group of eight young men. For years I have been a leader of a Bible class of young men out of our state university. After those prisoners were through with their lunch I walked across and stood by the table, and as I looked down into the faces of these boys—they were all boys—I would not have known that I was not looking into the faces of a section of my own Bible class. And I talked with them a little while about the things that would make life brighter in the beautiful beyond—there was nothing in the life here for them. They were every one of them life-term men. But that is not all about it. They represented, indeed, the bluest blood that flows in the veins of Kentucky's sons. There sat the son of a judge of the Supreme Court. There sat these two young men who were sons, as I said, of a man who had represented us to a foreign court. All eight of those boys represented the best families and I knew every one of them and much about their personal history. I knew that it had cost the State of Kentucky twenty thousand dollars to incarcerate this young man to whom I had given the cake; I know also that his mother had died of a broken heart; that his two maiden aunts, who loved him as they would have loved their own sons, were then living in obscurity and poverty because an estate of more than sixty thousand dollars had been expended in the vain endeavor to save that young nephew from the disgrace of going behind prison bars. I made a rough estimate on data that I obtained afterwards in regard to the criminal prosecution of the young men who sat on that Christmas morning around that table, and I found that it had cost the State of Kentucky about one hundred thousand dollars to prosecute and incarcerate those eight young men behind those bars, and that it had cost the families of those young men well nigh a half million dollars to try to prevent their incarceration!

"You talk about high license paying for itself! High license is the most expensive experiment that any people ever tried on the face of the earth!"

Old Penn for "Open Door."

Bordentown Register.

Pennsylvania does not view with any alarm the much-discussed triple alliance of Yale, Princeton and Harvard in sports. Pennsylvania has always stood for the "open door" in every branch of intercollegiate sport, and her schedules have invariably been heavier than those of any other institution in the country.

Bagpipes, although the national Scottish instrument, have only two Scottish articles used in their construction, the sheepskin and tartan. The wood—ebony or cocus—comes from Africa or Jamaica, the ivory from Africa, the horn from Australia, and the cane for reed from Spain.

It is estimated that three thousand marriages are performed daily throughout the world.

TYPHOID
HOUSEHOLDERS CAUTIONED.
How to Avoid Infection.
Typhoid Fever is prevalent. Thoroughly boil all milk and water used for drinking; all water used for cleansing uncooked eatables and all used in brushing the teeth. Purify the waste pipes, sinks, closets, and cellars with Platt's Chlorides, the odorless disinfectant.
The daily use of just a little of this powerful liquid ensures pure air in the home, and a bottle will last the average family a month. It is sold everywhere in quart bottles only and manufactured solely by Henry B. Platt, New York. 1-1-3t

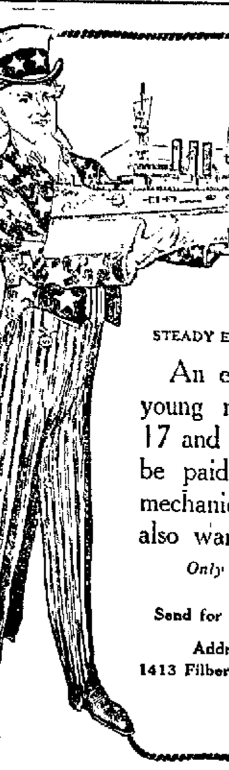
Estate Notice.

Estate of H. FRANK WRIGHT, late of Middletown Twp., Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

LETTERS of administration in the above estate have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will present them without delay to
IDA G. WRIGHT,
Administratrix.
Gilkeson & James, Attorneys, Bristol, Pa.
11-16-6t

NEW LINE.
Commencing Tuesday, Sept. 3.
STEAMER
"SPRINGFIELD"
EXPRESS BETWEEN
BRISTOL, BURLINGTON and PHILADELPHIA.
Leave Bordentown, 7.30 a. m.
Leave Bristol, 8.30 a. m.
Leave Burlington, 8.40 a. m.
Returning leave Arch Street Wharf, Philadelphia, at 2.00 p. m.
Subject to change without notice.
Excursion Tickets, 25 Cents.
Good until used.
Excursion Ticket, return via P. R. R., 50c.
Freight via this Line is fully insured against fire and marine losses.
H. L. BROWN, Gen. Man.

PISO'S CURE
25 cts.
Lung Trouble
of the most serious and dangerous description has been promptly relieved by Piso's Cure. It has proved itself during nearly half a century an unsurpassed remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and all affections of the throat and chest. It contains no opiates or habit-forming drugs. Piso's Cure has the confidence of people everywhere, and sworn court testimony has proved that by its use many of the worst consumptive
Coughs Have Been Speedily Relieved
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
25 cts.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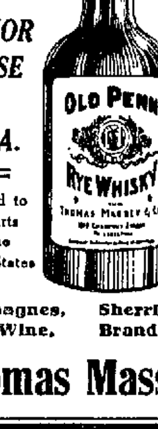
3,000 Vacancies in
The United States Navy.
STEADY EMPLOYMENT. LIBERAL PAY.
An exceptional opportunity for young men, between the ages of 17 and 25, to learn a trade, and be paid while doing so. Skilled mechanics, 21 to 35 years of age, also wanted.
Only citizens of the United States of good character accepted.
Send for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.
Address: NAVY RECRUITING STATION,
1413 Filbert Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Or NAVY DEPARTMENT
Bureau of Navigation,
Washington, D. C.

The OLDEST WINE and LIQUOR HOUSE in PHILA.
Shipped to all parts of the United States


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The Finest 75c Whisky on Earth
75c quart $2.50 gallon
(Demijohn, 25c extra.)
The leading physicians of Philadelphia have for years recommended our whiskies for medicinal use.
If you want the best whisky possible, then try
Imperial Cabinet Whisky
$1.25 quart $4.50 gallon
(Demijohn, 25c extra.)
Champagnes, Rhine Wine. Sherries, Brandies. Port, Gins. Catawba, Whiskies. Moselles, Cordials.
Thomas Massey & Co. 1310 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

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We trust you. Simply mail us attached coupon for particulars if you desire an outfit on free trial. Star Talking Machines and Records are acknowledged by all experts to be the world's greatest achievement in musical reproduction. We manufacture star machines and guarantee them.

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We want the frank opinion of 100 progressive people on the superior merits of Star Talking Machines. Will you be one of the critics by accepting a free trial?
WRITE NOW
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107 Jefferson St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hawthorne & Sheble Mfg. Co. 107 Jefferson St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Name ... St. and No. ... Town ... County ... State ...
Please send me without obligation on my part full particulars regarding your free trial offer of Star Talking Machines

Farmers National Bank
OF BUCKS COUNTY,
BRISTOL, PA.
ESTABLISHED, A. D. 1815.
Capital, $ 92,220
Surplus and Undivided Profits, 219,600
(Sept., 1907)
Savings Department.
Interest allowed on deposits in this department, subject to two weeks' notice.
Accounts can be opened with a deposit of ONE DOLLAR. This bank has always encouraged such accounts They grow.
We have had many of them.
Save what you might otherwise spend foolishly, and the benefits will amaze you.
Do it now.
As your money accumulates we will aid you in investing it safely.
Boxes to rent in Safe Deposit Vaults, thoroughly Fire and Burglar proof, at $2.00 and upwards.
The record of this bank since A. D. 1815, nearly a century ago, is a guarantee of Special Care and Promptitude in the transaction of business, secured by Ample Responsibility.
All business with this bank is Strictly Confidential. Correspondence and inquiries in person invited.
Officers.
BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR, President.
CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.
THOMAS SCOTT, Ass't. Cashier.
Directors.
Benjamin J. Taylor, George A. Shoemaker,
Harvey H. Gillam, Edwin M. Thomas,
Charles E. Scott, John C. Stuckert,
A. Russell Burton.
9-27-tf

Doylestown Trust Company,
DOYLESTOWN, PA.
Authorized Capital, $250,000
Capital Paid in, 125,000
Surplus, 75,000
Acts as Administrator, Executor, Guardian Trustee, Assignee, Receiver, Committee, Agent &c.
RECEIVES MONEY ON DEPOSIT SUBJECT TO CHECK.
Insures titles to real estate.
Interest allowed on certificates of deposit.
Collects checks, notes, drafts, coupons, &c. and buys and sells stocks, bonds and other securities, serving its patrons without charge.
Becomes security for trustees and public officers.
JOHN HART, President. ARTHUR CHAPMAN, Vice President.
JOHN YARDLEY, Treasurer. HENRY O. HARRIS, Trust Officer.
DIRECTORS:
Arthur Chapman, John O. Stuckert
John A. Ozias, John Hart
Henry S. Beidler, Harry Wilkinson
John H. Ruth, Mahlon K. Dungan
Samuel J. Penrose, Henry O. Harris
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No job too large; no job too small.
We repair anything up to the largest power plant.
Prompt and courteous attention given all work.
We also make the
Earle Gasoline Engine
Stationary and marine.
Write for catalogue.
The Earle Machine Wks.
Barclay Street,
BURLINGTON, - N. J.
11-22-6m

Estate Notice.

Estate of THOMAS HARRISON, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to
MRS. JEANETTE HARRISON,
Executor, Bristol, Pa.
11-22-6t

Estate Notice.

Estate of SARA JANE TERRY, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary in the above estate have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will present them without delay to
CLARA M. STROBELE,
Executrix.
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Attorney.
11-22-6t

See What You Have.
WANTED—Old style mahogany furniture of every description. Old bureaus, tables, sideboards, and chairs. Will exchange new for them and the highest prices paid. Also old large blue meat plates. Write what you have. Address Box 22, Bristol. 10-4-tf

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...while doing so. Skilled
... 21 to 35 years of age,
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...zens of the United States of
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...EE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

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...NAVY DEPARTMENT
Bureau of Navigation,
Washington, D. C.

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(Demijohn Extra)
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... have for years recommended
...whiskies for medicinal use.
...you want the best whisky pos-
..., then try
...perial Cabinet
Whisky
...25 quart $4.50 gallon
(Demijohn Extra)
Port, Catawba, Moselles,
Gins, Whiskies, Cordials.
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edged by all experts to
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est achievement in
musical repro-
duction. We
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and guar-
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them

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IT WILL
PAY YOU
to send your
MACHINE WORK
across the river or have us
come to you.
No job too large; no job too
small.
We repair anything up to the
largest power plant.
Prompt and courteous attention
given all work.
We also make the
Earle Gasoline Engine
Stationary and marine.
Write for catalogue.

The Earle Machine Wks.
Barclay Street,
BURLINGTON, - N. J.
11-22-6m

Estate Notice.

Estate of THOMAS HARRISON, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to
MRS JEANETTE HARRISON,
11-22-6t Executor, Bristol, Pa.

Estate Notice.

Estate of SARA JANE TERRY, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

LETTERS testamentary in the above estate have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will present them without delay to CLARA M. STROBELE,
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Executrix.
Attorney. 11-22-6t

See What You Have.

WANTED—Old style mahogany furniture of every description. Old bureaus, tables, sideboards, and chairs. Will exchange new for them and the highest prices paid. Also old large blue meat plates. Write what you have. Address Box 22, Bristol. 10-4-tf

The Bucks County Gazette.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Write it 1908.

It was a "green" Christmas.

Girls, now is your chance. This is leap year, you know.

W. L. Kolb will spend the remainder of the winter with friends in York, Pa.

One thousand feet of new hose has been received by the Bristol fire department.

Mrs. Hannah Strickland, of Jefferson avenue, is suffering from an abscess in the head.

Mrs. Adolph Rabinger, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Mrs. Andrew Bauer, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Doron are spending some time at the Hotel Walton, Philadelphia.

The balmy air last week suggested spring plowing, fishing tackle and summer resort catalogues.

Charles A. Wilson has sold for William Washington a lot on Race street to Mrs. Sophia E. Lincoln for $100.

William M. Elroy won the big turkey that was raffled off at Frank Hendricks' cigar store on New Years' Eve.

Miss Ethel Hill has returned after spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Elvin B. Yarnall, at Frankford.

Howard Hartman and family and Edward Hartman and family have moved from Lafayette street to Walnut street.

Misses Emma and Julia Katzmyer, of Philadelphia spent Saturday and Sunday at William Updyke's, Jefferson avenue.

Twenty-five dollars in gold which was chanced off by No. 2 hose company was won on New Years Day by George Callanan.

Chauncey Stoneback and daughter, Miss Grace Stoneback, spent several days this week at their old home in Quakertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac David and daughter, Edith, and son, Russell, of Wilmington, Del., spent Christmas with Mrs. R. Roper.

William H. Booz, agent for the Moore estate, is having the house occupied by the Rev. W. H. Bawn, repainted and repaired.

All of the capital stock of the Bristol Trust Company, amounting to $126,000, has been paid in and received by the treasurer.

John Arrison and family have moved from Market street to the corner of Walnut and Wood streets. Mr Arrison will open a cigar store.

The business meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. Robert B. King, 117 Mulberry street, on Monday evening January 6.

Ralph Bothwell and family have moved from the corner of Lafayette and Wood streets to one of the new Grundy houses on Jefferson avenue.

John I. Hensor and Miss Mame O'Dea, both of Tullytown, were married in the Presbyterian Chapel on Tuesday, December 31, by Rev. Charles E. Burns D. D.

Miss Elizabeth Wright of Bristol, and Raymond Bunting, of Tullytown, were married in Newtown on Tuesday. They will reside with the bride's parents on Bath street.

Samuel Scott's store on Mill street was broken into on Sunday. A revolver and some change in the cash drawer was taken. The case was not reported to the police department.

Bristol was quiet, peaceful and orderly during the Christmas holiday week. There were no disturbances of any kind that were brought to the attention of the police. No case appeared on 'Squire Kraft's docket for over a week.

List of letters remaining in the Bristol postoffice for the week ending January 1: Rebecca Johnson, Elis Kretzsalnar, Mr. Repsitz Millard Reed, Mattie Rockwell, Sadie Snyder, Emma Wildman, Pasquale Quirecont, Travaglini Giovanni.

When a pretty girl pins a flower on a young man's coat, she always tilts her chin up and takes a look at it sideways; and the fellow who doesn't tumble then had best stay indoors when a funeral is passing, for fear of being run over by the hearse!

Charles Strumfels, the tobacconist, has purchased from Morris Weissblatt, the property No. 311 Mill street, which he now occupies and also the adjoining store, No. 309. The purchase price for the two properties was $4,500. The sale was made by Charles A. Wilson.

Edgar Haney, who spent the holidays with his parents here, has returned to his duties as teacher in one of the Philadelphia public schools. In a class of twenty-six applicants for teachers' certificates in Philadelphia some time ago, Mr. Haney was one of three successful ones.

Burgoyne Rayton, of Doylestown, has been appointed by the Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity as District Deputy Grand Master with jurisdiction over the lodges in Bucks county and lodges 308, 400 and 410 in Montgomery county. Mr. Rayton succeeds the late Charles S. Vandegrift, of Bristol lodge.

The committee which is in charge of the arrangements for the firemen's memorial service to be held in the Methodist Church on Sunday, January 12, has secured former mayor William B. Smith, of Philadelphia, to make the oration. Mr. Smith has a reputation of being one of the finest orators in the Quaker City.

Rev. A. A. Arthur, of Philadelphia, who was formerly pastor of the Bristol Methodist Church, is one of the ministers appointed to aid the defence at the hearing in which Presiding Elder William H. Shaffer was accused of being unduly familiar with Mrs. Martha J. Delchley, an attractive widow and postmistress at Morgantown, Pa.

The annual New Years dinner given by the Hulmeville Horse Company took place on Wednesday afternoon. A business meeting was held at the fire company's assembly room. The dinner was prepared by the Ladies' Aid Society of Hulmeville and was served at Johnson's hall. Several Bristol members of the company attended.

Last Friday afternoon Arthur Fine, Bristol's crack shot, was defeated in a match game at Morrisville with William Isphording. The latter won by one bird. Rules unfamiliar to Fine governed the contest—hip gun, twenty-one yards rise, eighty yards boundary. The match was for $50 a side. A second contest has been arranged to take place on the Bristol grounds next Friday.

Howard Thornton, of the Bristol postoffice, and secretary of the Civil Service Board, will conduct an examination for rural mail carriers tomorrow morning at ten o'clock at the Borough Council chamber. The applicants will all be from the upper end of the county. All of the Civil Service examinations for postal positions in this county so far have been held in Bristol by Mr. Thornton.

The funeral of George W. Shade, of Penn street, Bristol, who was drowned the day after Christmas, in the Delaware river at one of the Philadelphia wharves, took place on Monday from his late residence. The deceased was a canal boatman and was tied up to the dock in Philadelphia when in some mysterious manner he fell overboard and was drowned. No one witnessed the drowning. An inquest was held by Coroner Dugan, of Philadelphia, but nothing beyond the fact that death occurred by drowning was elicited. The deceased was 54 years old and bore a good reputation and was successful in his business as he was the owner of his boat.

The three-story brick building at the corner of Mill and Pond streets, which was reported in the Gazette last week as having been sold by Owen Evans, was purchased by William I. Deering and Charles A. Martin, of Philadelphia, for $10,250. The former conducts an entertainment bureau at No. 8 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. As announced, the Bristol property will be converted into a moving picture and amusement place. Messrs. Deering and Martin a short time ago purchased the three-story brick building belonging to the Porter estate opposite Wright's hardware store but after buying found the property unsuited for their purposes. This building is in the market, again being offered or sale.

Miss May Spangler is ill at her home on Maple street suffering with quinsey.

John T. Darrance's Packard car won the victory in Class B. in the automobile endurance run from Philadelphia to Allentown, Reading and return.

William E. Meehan, of Harrisburg, State Commissioner of Fisheries made a pleasant call upon Representative Joseph S. Thomas at the Gazette office yesterday.

Rev. Charles J. Keevil, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Trenton, who spoke at the men's meeting in Bristol, is seriously ill with typhoid fever at the Mercer Hospital, Trenton.

Mrs. Alexander Nesbit died at her home on Radcliffe street last evening at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. The funeral will take place on Monday and interment will be at St. James graveyard.

Franklin Glikoson, Esq., with his high-power runabout was entered in the two-days' endurance run from Philadelphia to Allentown and Reading and return. He met with a mishap and never turned his card in at the end of the first day's run.

The original painting of Lady Wentworth by Copley, in the Munsey Magazine for January, 1908, was owned by Mrs. Emlen Martin's grandmother, and was sold by her to James Lenox, of New York, and is on exhibition in the Lenox Library.

Francis Evans, aged 79 years, brother of Owen Evans, of Bristol, died at his home in Philadelphia on Tuesday of paralysis. The funeral takes place this morning. The interment will be made at West Laurel Hill Cemetery. The deceased is survived by a widow.

Over two hundred men attended the men's meeting at the Baptist Church last Sunday afternoon to hear the Dr. Homer W Tope speak on the local option question. Dr Tope is leader of the Anti-Saloon League and has taken part in the campaigns in Georgia, Alabama, Delaware and the New England States. He is an eloquent speaker and presents his arguments with convincing and forceful ability.

Daniel Peoples, of Race street, met with a bad accident yesterday while at work on the roof of one of the new buildings at the pipe foundry. He fell from the roof, a distance of about forty feet, and sustained some severe injuries. The right arm was broken in two places, at the elbow and also at the wrist. The arm will probably have to be amputated. He was conveyed to a Trenton hospital in the ambulance.

Family Christmas Reunion.

Children and grandchildren gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. King, "Irondale," on Christmas Day for a reunion and Christmas dinner. The day was enjoyably spent, exchanging presents and other indoor merriments.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William King, Mr. and Mrs. Milnor King, sons and daughters, of Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hellings, son and daughter, of Edgely; Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin King, of New Brunswick; Mr. and Mrs. O. Wesley King son and daughter, of Tullytown.

Stock Streams With Fish.

Representative Joseph S. Thomas, of Bristol, has made arrangements with William E. Meehan, the State Commissioner of Fisheries, to stock the suitable streams and ponds of Bucks county with the famous Lake Erie blue gill sunfish, yellow perch, pickerel and catfish. The sunfish will average when grown ½ to ¾ of a pound each, while some attain a weight of a pound and a half. Anyone applying to Mr. Thomas will be furnished with the necessary application blanks. This should be done as soon as possible in order that the department can have the applications on file when the season arrives for distribution of the fry.

Farmers Club Elects Officers.

The next meeting of the Southampton Farmers' Club will be entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Osmond, Feasterville, on Saturday evening, January 18th. Owing to the stormy evening the programme of the last meeting was laid over for January 18th. The following officers were elected for the next term:

President, Allan C. Wildman; vice president, Krewson Y. Ridge; secretary, Mrs. Benjamin Harding; corresponding secretary, Viola Vansant; editress, Mrs. Emmor F. Watson; treasurer, Asher Bennett; executive committee, Mr. and Mrs. Watson Tomlinson; M. and Mrs. Walter Buckman, James Borner, Elizabeth Bonner.

A Pointer for Bristol Merchants.

We wonder if our Bristol merchants ever stop to think why the big mail order houses are so successful. Their success lies in their continual advertising of their goods. They never stop advertising because of changes of sea on or for any other reason. The country newspapers have been fighting these mail order houses hard for years for the benefit of the home merchant, and some of the merchants appreciate this and some of them do not. If the mail order houses would practise advertising by "spurts," in certain seasons of the year, like some country merchants, they would soon go out of business. While the local or home merchant keeps his business "under a bushel," so to speak, or out of their local paper on account of hot, dry or wet weather, or upon plea of dull times, they are giving the mail order houses the advantage of them before the people, for the houses never stop advertising for any kind of weather or for any other cause.

A Letter from Bala.

Our Saviour had but one name "Jesus." Christ was not his name but His title. It fidels who in ignorance call Him "Jesus Christ" by that act proclaim Him to be the Messiah.

"Son of Man" and "Son of God" are also His titles and are applied to none else except in a connection which shows the sense. Adam is called the "Son of God," but it is in reference to Christ's origin and Ezekiel is called "Son of Man," but it is in reference to him or to nature; he is not different from any other son of Man as Our Saviour was. It is his exclusive title Jesus is called "Son of Man" eighty times in the New Testament and never, we believe by any other human title, except by His enemies in derision who had no knowledge either of His humanity or divinity. The name of "Jesus" so given because "He shall save His people from their sins" can have no significance unless He contains in His human nature all the attributes of humanity as well as those of God in His divine nature.

An infidel once asked "Did Christ claim to be God or did He disclaim it?" The answer is He claimed to be the Messiah, the Son of God, but He disclaimed to be God the Father. He said "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they which testify of Me." But He also said "Why callest thou Me good? There is none good but one that is God." If thou dost not believe I am the Messiah, the Son of God, do not call Me good."

Christ is God for in the beginning was the Word and the Word was God. Christ is Man, for God created man in His own image, in the name of His beloved Son, not the consequence only, but also the cause, not the Son of Man only, but also the Son of God; the same that Jacob saw face to face. Christ is both God and Man for the Word was made flesh. He cannot claim or disclaim or be either one without the other. This appears to be the meaning and yet He is not addressed directly and in the first place as God. He is first "My Lord" and after that "My God" and He himself on the cross calls His father "My God." But the same mystery that surrounds His divine nature is all in His human. He is one of us and yet distinct from us the Only Son of Man the Only Son of God. Only through Christ is Man known and only through Christ is God known.

It is a mistake to suppose all the books of the Bible are of the same importance. Those are the most important from which the character of God can be most fully learned and those are the least from which even his existence cannot be known.

St. John's Gospel is the most important book in the whole Bible and the book of Esther is of the least. All that is known of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost is in the former fully set forth and in the latter the name of God is not even mentioned. S. S. P.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt never permits herself a nap during the day. "To sleep during the day and then go out," says the great actress, "is one of the surest ways of catching cold."

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN.

On Sunday the Rev. H. W. Gottwald, D. D., who is enlisted in the local option campaign in Pennsylvania, will speak in the morning at 10.30 o'clock on the "Anti Saloon Movement."

At 7 30 p. m. the pastor will speak on "What Saves Men and Why."

BAPTIST.

On Sunday Rev. Johnston will preach an anniversary sermon in the morning, commemorating the beginning of the third year of his pastorate. Sunday school at two o'clock.

At four o'clock in the afternoon at the men's meeting, Prof. Frank Green, of West Chester, will make the address and the Baptist choir will sing.

Young people's meeting at 6.45 and regular service at 7.45. The pastor will preach in the evening.

Don't forget the men's meeting social on next Thursday evening, January 9. Refreshments will be served. Frank Campbell will be the entertainer and a soloist from St. Dominick's Catholic Church choir, Holmesburg, will sing. Ladies are invited.

ST. JAMES.

The regular services of St. James Church will be held next Sunday at 7.30 and 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. The rector will officiate at all services.

Mrs. W. H. Bawn entertained the members of her Sunday school class at her residence on Radcliffe street last Tuesday evening.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Next Sunday morning at 10 30 the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered, and in the evening at 7.45 the pastor, D. Mast Gordon, will preach.

The regular business meeting of the Epworth League will be held on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in the reading room, election of officers. Every member should be present.

The M. E. Sunday School gave its usual Christmas treat to the school, on last Friday evening, December 27th. Recitations and singing were the order of the evening, and gifts were exchanged freely between teachers and scholars. The pastor of the church and the superintendents of the school were each kindly remembered, with the gift of a beautiful chair, the former by his Bible Class, and the latter by the teachers of the school.

The Rev. T. Keith Cherry, who lectured in the M. E. Church on Tuesday evening on the subject "The World from the Side-Walk," proved to his audience that as a humorist and impersonator, he has no superior. He was greatly enjoyed by those who heard him.

BETHEL A. M. E.

Preaching Sunday at 10.45 a. m. and 8 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. P. P. Gaines.

Woman's Day was a complete success in every way last Sunday.

Our Revival began with watch services. Good results have followed. Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock.

The trustees have decided to hold a "Taxation Rally" on January 26, to cancel the debt on the basement of the church which will be consecrated at a later date and we desire all members and friends of the church to do their best.

Township Supervisor Found Dead.

John M. Landis, a prominent farmer and a member of the Board of Supervisors of Plumstead township, this county, was found dead about 9.30 o'clock Tuesday morning at his residence near the Wismer creamery. Coroner White, of Doylestown, was notified and made an investigation.

Mr. Landis mysteriously disappeared from his home last Saturday evening about dark and no one knew where he had gone. The neighbors and members of the family had searched for him night and day since and Tuesday morning found his dead body in an orchard on the farm of the deceased. It is said there were no marks on the body and it is supposed that his death resulted from exhaustion and nervousness. The family is of the opinion that Mr. Landis had been wandering about the country since Saturday and that he was on his way home and becoming exhausted, fell dead. There were no marks on his body to indicate that he had taken his own life.

Mr. Landis had been suffering from nervous prostration due to overwork and over-exertion of the mind as secretary of the Highway Department of Plumstead township. It is said he feared punishment for actions in an official capacity through being ill-advised and while no wrong had been committed, it preyed upon his mind.

Mr Landis was a son of the late Abraham Landis, of Plumstead, and was well educated. Some years ago he was principal of the Doylestown borough schools, but subsequently purchased the property near Wismer and went to farming, where he worked hard. He is survived by a widow, formerly Miss Susanna Myers, and one son, Leidy.

A brother, Emanuel, committed suicide some years ago by hanging.

How You Can Get Rich!

It's very easy to get rich, if you want to bad enough. Tom Charles says: Work like fury sixteen hours a day at least, run back and forth to your meals, hurry your wife into hysterics if she doesn't have every meal when you get there, sleep as little as you can and live, grasp every dollar in sight and dig for some that you think are covered up, pinch your pocket-book, shrivel your soul and overwork your body and you will make money. You will be rich when you are old—if you live. You will also be broken down and considered a slave driver by all your neighbors; miserably despised as a miser and shunned by your children. And when you die, which will be before your time, your children and near relatives will fight over your property.

A Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given to Miss Winifred Ferry at her home on Pond street, January 1st. The evening was spent in playing games and music, after which refreshments were served. Those present were: Winifred Ferry, May Lake, Rose Haney, Lizzie Dougherty, Nellie Lemaistre, Anna Taffe, Jennie Joyce, Sadie Haney, Catherine Loughran, Katie Ferry, Messrs. Samuel Hardy, Frank Mulhern, James Roche, John Mulhern, Albert Rottenberger, Willie Gamble, P. Dugan, Joseph Ferry, Michael Larrisey.

OXFORD VALLEY

Miss Anna Smyth spent Thursday of last week at Thomas Nowell's.

Mrs. Martha Gearhart left Wednesday morning for a visit at Seibert Newhall's, Chestnut Hill.

Miss Helen McClossy, teacher of Oxford Valley School, is suffering from a severe attack of the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tomlinson spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Walter Blinn in Newtown.

The C. E. leader for next Sunday evening is Mrs. Jacob Hibbs. This is a "New Year's Consecration meeting."

The business meeting and social of the C. E. was held at A. P. Stradling's on Tuesday evening, December 31. The usual business was transacted and was followed by an hour or two of quiet sociability.

Miss Edna Stradling left for Paoli, Pa., on New Year's day to resume her work in the High School. Miss Martha Stradling takes up again her studies at West Chester S. N. School on Friday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stradling entertained on Christmas: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schaffer, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Stradling, Mr. and Mrs. John Hohman, Misses Edna and Martha Stradling and Mabel Pidcock and Godfrey Schaffer.

The guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Spencer on Christmas day were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Spencer and daughter, of Langhorne, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Erwin and son, of Ansonia, Conn.; A. L. Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Spencer and daughter.

An entertainment by the Sunday school was held in the Chapel on Christmas Eve. The usual treat of a box of candy and an orange was given to each member of the School. A tall, well-trimmed tree lent its Christmas charm, which was enhanced by wreaths and bells, provided by Mrs. Charles Rue.

☞ Stop that cough! Take Magnetic Cough Syrup, 25c a bottle. Sold by Douglass, the druggist.

Bristol School Board Meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Bristol School Board was held on Wednesday evening. The meeting was one of the shortest on record, occupying just thirty minutes from roll call to adjournment.

The following members were absent: Messrs. Buckman, Boyle, Barrett, Coyle, Wear and Young.

The Property committee reported that it had placed notices in the local papers requesting parents who had children wanting admission in the schools to notify the committee and the teachers had also been instructed to request information on the subject. Notwithstanding exaggerated reports as to the number of children who could not gain admission to the schools the names of just seven children had been received.

The School committee reported that the day before Christmas the committee visited the schools accompanied by Rev. Moorhouse and Rev. Gordon.

The treasurer reported that all the December bills had been paid; $175 was received from the tax collector and $3 from 'Squire Kraft, representing fines collected. The available cash balance is $7,238.28.

The following bills were presented and ordered paid:

Bristol Gas Light Co.,	1.20
Bristol E. L. & P. Co.,	2.11
Bell Telephone Co.,	16.18
William P. Wright, hardware,	20.66
Lippincott & Co., sweeping brushes,	18.85
B. C. Foster, care of clocks,	25.00
Eli Pinkney, cleaning vaults,	12.00
John K. Young, oils, etc.,	8.45
F. Liebfried, paint,	18.00

Upon motion the janitors' salaries for December and the superintendent's and teachers' salaries for the month ending January 7 were ordered paid.

B. C. Foster was made custodian of the clocks in the various school rooms for the year 1908, at the same salary as last year.

The Supply committee was authorized to purchase a clock for Miss York's room at the Bath street school.

The Board then adjourned.

Resents Aspersions on Catholic Church?

Mr. Editor:

Dear Sir:—In the last issue of your paper there appeared an article, entitled "Spiritual American Cities" and, if we are correct, it was written for the Gazette.

In the course of this article the writer made some very insulting remarks against the Catholic Church, comparing in one place, that "the dogma of Indulgence was nothing more than a reptile eating the spiritual liberties of a million of the fishes of Philosophy" etc.

Now, in reply to this, we will say that there are a number of things said which the sayer has not the slightest knowledge of, just as those writers who write on subjects, which are so far distant to them, they cannot even get within a reasonable imagination of them. Whilst we do not wish to enter into a controversy in this matter, we do say, that if the gifted writer of "Sprtual American Cities" will give us his views on the dogma of Indulgences or any doctrine taught by the Church he insults we feel that there are enough well informed Catholics in Bristol to set him straight in his opinions.

Thanking you, Sir, for kindly printing this. I am

Respectfully Yours,
ARTHUR PATRICK BRADY,
805 Pine street,
Bristol, Pa.

BASKET BALL.

Goodwill Jrs. Easy.

On last Saturday the Keystone Jrs. had an easy time defeating the Goodwill Jrs., by the score of 45-10. In the first half the Goodwills were shut out without a field goal. The Keystone Jrs. covered their opponents so well that several of the Goodwill players did not get a shot at the basket in the whole game. Woodington, John Dugan and Sackville did some good shooting for Keystone Jrs. and defensive work of H. Boyle was brilliant. The line up:

Keystone Jrs.	Position	Goodwill Jrs.
Woodington	Forward	James Dugan
Vannett	Forward	Mulholland
John Dugan	Centre	Hellings
H. Boyle	Guard	Roche
Sackville	Guard	Elmer

Field goals—Woodington, 6; Vannett, 2; John Dugan, 7; H. Boyle, Sackville, 6; Mulholland, 1; Roche, 2. Fouls—Keystone Jrs., 4; Goodwill Jrs., 2. Goals from fouls—H. Boyle, James Dugan, Mulholland; Hellings, Roche. Time of halves, twenty minutes. Referee, Mulligan.

Crystal A. C. Lost Hard-fought Game.

The re-organized Shamrocks defeated the Crystal A. C. in a hard-fought game by the score of 40-35. In the first half the Crystals were in the lead, 17-14. In the second half the Shamrocks gradually forged ahead, due to the fine work of J. McGee and Waters. Kelly and O'Donnell did good work for the Crystal. The line up:

Shamrocks	Position	Crystal A. C.
D. Roche	Forward	Kelly
J. Ennis	Forward	D. Dugan
J. McGee	Centre	H. McGee
Waters	Guard	E. Dugan
M. Dugan	Guard	O'Donnell

Field goals—D. Roche, 2; J. Ennis, 2; J. McGee, 7; Waters, 8; Kelly, 7; D. Dugan, H. McGee, 3; E. Dugan, O'Donnell, 5. Fouls—Crystal, 2; Shamrocks, 4. Goals from fouls—D. Dugan, J. McGee, 2. Time of halves, twenty minutes. Referee, Mulligan.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

	Won	Lost	Percent.
Keystone Jrs.	6	2	.750
Crystal A. C.	4	4	.500
Shamrocks	4	4	.500
Goodwill Jrs.	2	6	.250

Schedule for Saturday: Keystone Jrs. vs. Crystal A. C. Shamrocks vs. Goodwill Jrs.

LANGHORNE

Miss Emma Walling is ill with La Grippe.

Miss Lily Hill Ridge has returned from a visit to Oak Lane.

Isaac Reeder and family have been visiting in Philadelphia.

Miss Cora Roberts is able to resume her position after an illness.

Mrs Harry Milnor, of Elizabeth, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Kossebaum.

A masquerade ball was given by the Daughters of Rebecca, in the hall on New Year's.

Miss Anna Hackett, of Sea Girt, has been spending the holidays with her parents.

Mrs. James B. Candy, Sr., entertained on Christmas. Covers were laid for nineteen guests.

The many friends of Mrs. George Reed, Jr., are glad to see her about again after a long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Duffield, of New York, have been visiting Mrs. Clarence R. Black.

Thomas Peirce, a prominent manufacturer of Cincinnati, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. H. G. Walters.

The annual meeting of the Attleboro Protection Company was held in the hall on Thursday, January 2, at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Clara Frank and Miss Oryille S. Frank, of Philadelphia, are spending several days with Rev. and Mrs. Henry E. Walhey.

A prominent worker in the Anti-Saloon movement will speak at the Sunday evening service at the M. E. Church. Everybody welcome.

Esther J. Pancoast, of West Chester State Normal School, has spent the holidays with Mrs. Edward Palmer. Miss Pancoast is unfortunately a victim of tonsilitis.

Henry Maerz, son of Charles Maerz, underwent an operation for deafness on Monday at the Philadelphia Hospital, with the result of partial restoration of his hearing.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Langhorne Building and Loan Association, No. 2, will be held in the hall on January 11, at 7 p. m., for the election of officers. A fine of 10 cents charged for non-attendance. A new series opens at this meeting.

Invitations were issued by the C. E. of the Methodist Church for a reception on New Year's Eve in the church parlor from 9.30 to 11 o'clock. Vocal and instrumental music, readings, etc. followed by refreshments made the last evening of 1907 a pleasant memory. The last hour of the evening was devotional, many staying to greet the new year with prayer.

How About Your OVERCOAT? Going to Get It Tomorrow?
We Sell Everywhere
Then Come to Headquarters
Terms Made To Suit

GEO. KELLY'S
DEPARTMENT STORES
Where Your Credit Is Good

Don't stop to ask yourself where you are going to get the money. You don't have to. YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD AS GOLD HERE Just slip on one of our rich, warm, comfortable overcoats—see how easily it adjusts itself to your figure—it's cut right, it's made right, it fits, it's yours on your own terms. We require no money down at the time you buy—all we ask is a dollar or so each week. NO WONDER THE KELLY STORES ARE CROWDED WITH EAGER BUYERS. THEY'RE THE PEOPLE'S STORES; USE THEM.

This $18 Overcoat
As Illustrated Above
$10
Terms 75c a Week
They are long, roomy coats, with big, broad, concave shoulders, hand-made collars. The kind that fits close to the neck; durably lined, materials are of all wool kersey, beaver, foreign frieze. In all the popular patterns. An $18 overcoat in every respect.

This $30 Overcoat
As Illustrated Above
$20
Terms $1.00 a Week
The season's most popular style. They are hand-tailored from the finest imported and domestic cloths, and are made by the most celebrated coat makers in America. The tailoring is the very best that can be put into an overcoat.

350 Styles Men's Suits
As Illustrated Above
$7.50
Terms 50c a Week
Broken sizes from our regular $10, $12 and $15 lines. Cut in the very latest fashion—in new brown effects in overplaid and fancy mixtures. Come early for best choice, for such suits will not last long at.......... $7.50

This $15 Overcoat
As Illustrated Above
$7.50
Terms 50c a Week
Seems a ridiculous price for an all-wool overcoat—it would be under ordinary conditions. We bought them from a manufacturer going out of business. They come in all sizes—durably lined and well made. $15 would be the price if we had bought them regularly.

$1.00 a Week Will Dress You Stylishly
AT THE KELLY STORES
Why Not Take Advantage of These Bargains Tomorrow?—Alterations Free

This Girls' Three-Quarter Length Coat
Red, Brown, Blue and Green Cheviot; collar and cuffs neatly trimmed with self-color velvet and soutache braid. Sizes 6 to 14 years. $5 value.
Special Tomorrow
$2.98

This $25 Smart Prince Chap Suit
Of Broadcloth or Herringbone Cheviot. The coat is 32 inches long, in ¾ fitted effect; very stylish and dressy model. Skirt is 15-gore, with 3-in. fold.
Special Tomorrow
$16.98

This $18 Coat
Of Rich Black Thibet For Women and Misses
Ankle-length, elaborately trimmed with silk braid, in scallops running down entire front and back; lined with satin.
Special Tomorrow
$12.98

This $22.50 Semi-Fitted Double-Breasted Coat Suit
For Women and Misses
Of Broadcloth or Herringbone Cheviot, in new French seam model. Collar and cuffs are trimmed with inlaid velvet. Skirt is 13-gore, with 3-inch fold.
Special Tomorrow
$14.98

This $10 Fur Set
As Illustrated Above
Of genuine French Coney. 45 in. Throw Tie. Large bell-shaped Muff. Skinner satin lined.
Special Tomorrow
$4.98
Terms 50c a Week

Market & Seventh Streets
PHILADELPHIA

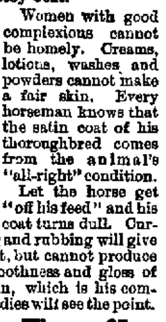
The New York Tribune Farmer.

When a practical farmer meets The Tribune Farmer the recognition is mutual, and they are friends for ever after. Why? Because the practical farmer readily discovers that The Tribune Farmer is a superior publication for farmers and their families and learns from its columns that everything worth knowing about the theory or practise of farming is treated by men recognized as experts in their various lines. He knows that it keeps him in touch with all the latest improvements by text and pictures and with the special work being done at agricultural colleges all over the country. His wife also welcomes this weekly visitor (The Farmer is printed every Thursday,) because each issue always contains features of interest to women folks.

If you are not acquainted with this publication, it will cost you only $1.00 for an introduction, or a year's subscription. Once a friend always a friend.

The human voice will carry three miles through a twenty-foot speaking tube.

GROOMING COUNTS
But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.



Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.
Lane's Family Medicine
Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

LUCKY NUMBERS

Holiday Premium tickets are as follows:
No. 1321, Handsome Dressed Doll.
No. 14627, Rocking Chair.
No. 1257, Pair Lace Curtains.
No. 10457, Pair Vases.
The holders of coupons bearing these numbers will please present them at our Show Room and receive their premium.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year
to all our old customers and the many new ones who have been using our goods during 1907.
During 1908 we shall endeavor to maintain the same high quality that has characterized our Grocery Specialties and the premiums given in exchange for the checks, that we have maintained during the past fifteen years.
ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR OUR BRANDS.

Muschert, Reeves & Co.,
Premium Showrooms
Stockton Street, Opp. Hanover,
Trenton, N. J.

Try a Gazette Ad.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for half a-cent a word. No advertisement taken for less than 10 cents.

WANTED—Girl for general housework, small family. Apply 607 Radcliffe street

WANTED—A situation by a boy of 19. Out doors work preferred. Good with horses. Address Nathaniel, 528 Bath St, Bristol.

FOR SALE—Full blooded partridge cochin cockerels. Apply to 8022 Walker St, Holmesburg, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE or exchange for other property. A house at 340 Jefferson Ave. Apply within. 1-3-3t

FOR SALE—A beautiful fur coat, entirely new, and very cheap. Inquire at Husslnplug's Store, Bridgewater, Bucks County. 1-3-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished rooms for housekeeping. 215 Jefferson Ave.

BOARDERS WANTED—A few refined men can have a comfortable home at 231 Dorrance street.

FOR RENT—New 7-roomed brick house. All conveniences, 341 Lafayette St. Apply to P. O. Kidd, 423 Mill street. 11-6-tf

TOPPERS & knitters. Also girls over 14 years to learn topping. Clean, lucrative work. Beginners paid while learning. Apply to Radcliffe Hosiery Mill, 110-114 Radcliffe St. 9-13-tf

FIRE INSURANCE—When you buy you want your money's worth. What do you know about the Company you are now in? How do you know your loss will be paid? But the North America, you know, has paid all losses for 100 years. Rates as cheap as any. Money to loan on mortgages. Easy payments. Apply to William E. Laing, 329 Radcliffe street, Bristol, Pa 3-22-tf

WANTED—Washing and ironing by the doz., or family wash. Mrs. Annie Massey, 316 Wood street. Phone 128M. 2-22-tf

FRANK PETTIT 805, 807, 809 Master street, Phila., Pa., Manufacturer of Ornamental Iron, Iron Fencing, Cemetery Enclosures, Chairs, Settees, Fire Escapes, etc. Bell Phone Kensington 4397 D. 4-19-1yr.

VIOLIN OUTFITS. Lessons free. Confidential Credits. L. Conley, 2-27 Russell Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 12-22-04

MACHINERY & TOOLS—Boilers and engines every size and kind in stock for immediate shipment. HOWARD W. REID, Third and Arch street, Philadelphia. 1-26-1yr.

FURNITURE
INSURANCE.
REASONABLE RATES.
GOOD COMPANIES.

James H. Brooks,
All kinds of insurance,
315 Dorrance Street, Bristol, Pa.

Snappy Styles for
Snappy Weather.
Footwear for all Purposes.
Storm Russets, high or low cuts, $3.50 and $4.
Patent Leathers, $3, $3.50, $4, $5.
Dull Leathers, $2.50 to $4.
For Men and Women,
One pair sells another—that's quality.
W. K. Highland,
Boot Shop
303 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

When you want
A Good Cigar
stop in and see
Max Cohen,
219 Mill St., Bristol.

Public Sale of Household Goods

Will be sold at Public Sale on
Saturday, Jan 4, 1908,
at one o'clock at 313 Lafayette street

The following household goods, to-wit: 1 mahogany finished parlor suite, almost new, cost $65.00, sideboard extension table, 12 cane seat dining chairs, eight-day clock, a good one; lot of lamps, 2 bedroom suites, 1 single bedstead, 2 odd washstands, 1 marble top table, 2 parlor tables, 3 rocking chairs, lot of window screens, 1 lounge, 50 yards of matting, stair carpet, 2 heating stoves, lot of pictures, window shades, lot of glassware, dishes, 2 wash tubs, cooking utensils and numerous other articles. Terms Cash.
MRS. STRICKLAND,
Robert Clark, Auctioneer.

Short Notice Public Sale of Personal Property

of WILLIAM Z. CARTER
on the Taylor farm, one mile east of Emilie, Pa., on
Friday, January 3d, 1908,
at 1 o'clock P. M., as follows:

STOCK—Two good work horses, 2 cows, both coming in profit soon; heifer, 9 months old; fine bull, 14 months old; 1 young bull, 150 chickens, young and old.

CROPS—1 1-2 tons of meadow hay, 300 bundles corn fodder, 40 bushels corn, 10 bushels small potatoes.

WAGON AND HARNESS—Good hook-seat rack wagon, store wagon, good order; set double farm harness, set single harness, set express harness, set of fly nets, nearly new; collars, bridles, traces, breast and cow chains.

MACHINERY—Corn sheller, in good order; Buckeye wheel plow, Diamond Tooth harrow, corn marker, nearly new.

MISCELLANEOUS—Wheelbarrow, set of doubletrees, 6 bushel baskets, forks, shovels, hay ropes, chicken coops, churn, 18-foot ladder, rope traces and rope ties. Terms Cash.
J. C. EVERITT
Agent for Wm. Z. Carter.
J. E. Magill, Auctioneer.
H. Tomlinson, Clerk.

Auditors Notice.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Bucks County to make distribution of the fund in the hands of Ella V. Webster, administratrix d. b. n. c. t. a. of Rebecca Banks, deceased, to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will meet the parties interested at his office in the Borough of Doylestown and county aforesaid on Friday, the 24th day of January, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock, A. M. to perform the duties of his appointment. ASHER K. ANDERS,
12-27-3t Auditor.

Estate Notice.

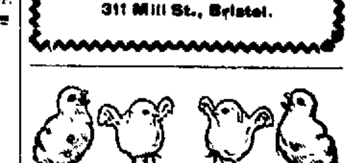
Estate of ANDREW SCHAEFFER, late of Bristol township, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to
SUSAN W. WARDEN,
WILLIAM W. SCHAEFFER,
John C. Stuckert, Executors
Attorney. 12-20-6t

A. P. VANZANDT,
Mason & Builder,
JOBBING, BRICKLAYING, PLASTERING.
Cor. Wood St. and Jefferson Ave.,
Bristol.
Bell Phone. 6-19-tf

Emulsion of
Cod Liver Oil.
Plain oil is not as easily digested as when made into an emulsion nor is it so pleasant to the taste.
We make our own emulsion and guarantee its quality and purity.
Full pint bottles, 75c.
Plain Oil, 50c.
DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE
S. W. Cor. Mill & Cedar Sts.

Useful Goods.
Meerschaum and Amber Pipes a specialty. Tobacco Pouches, Cigar Cases. All the leading brands of cigars 25 in a box for Xmas.
C. C. STRUMFELS
Wholesale and Retail
TOBACCONIST.
311 Mill St., Bristol.



MODEL Incubators
And Brooders
Made By Chas. A. Cyphers
The best chick machines on earth.
So easy to operate that a child can do it.
Used by the largest chicken breeders all over the world.
Send for Catalogue
Cugley & Mullen 1229 Market St.
Sole Agents. Phila., Pa

SPECIAL PRICES
Tomatoes, Can, 8c
"Gilt Edge" Butter, lb., 33c
Early June Peas, can, 10c
Juicy Lemons, doz., 17c
Norway Mackerel, 8c
5 Boxes Matches, 10c
Cough Syrup, bot., 10c
Santos Coffee, lb., 17c
Sour Pickles doz., 13c
Sound Cranberries, qt., 7c
Childs Grocery Company
BRISTOL.

Real Estate For Sale.

Bucks county Farm—106 acres, stone house, 14 rooms; suit dairy or stock. $50 per acre.

Bristol—Farm, 130 acres, large house; well suited for dairy or grazing.

Bristol—Farm, 50 acres, 9 roomed house; close to trolley line.

Bristol—House, 6 rooms, 10¼ acres, splendid land.

Bristol—House, 4 rooms, barn, etc., 2 acres.

Bristol—Mill street; shop and dwelling; $8300.

Bristol—Buckley street; house, 9 rooms; $2600.

Bristol—Swain street; house and vacant land; $3000.

Bristol—Walnut street; house, 7 rooms $1200.

Bristol—Wood street; house, 6 rooms; $700.

Bristol—Lake street; house, 4 rooms; $800.

Apply by letter,
Box 478, Bristol P. O.

When in Need
OF A
NEW ROOF
of any kind or one to be painted, a heater or range, some tin or agate ware call at
Hendricks & Mariner,
Penn & Wood Sts., Bristol.

STRICTLY FRESH EGGS GUARANTEED
ALSO the CELEBRATED BEECHNUT CREAMERY BUTTER for sale by
Mrs. Esther R. Minster,
(Successor to Edward Minster.
1-2-1 405 BATH STREET, BRISTOL

YOU TALK ABOUT TAILORING
We certainly do it. All clothes we make are made right at my place. Our clothes are made to your order. Stop in and let us fit you.
SAMUEL LEVINSON
THE TAILOR
315 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.
Bell Phone.

PEIRCE & WILLIAMS'
LUMBER YARD
IS WELL STOCKED WITH BUILDING LUMBER OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.
Mill-work Stair-work Glass, etc.

NOTICE.

HIGHEST Cash Prices paid for Pork. Hog scalder to hire. Sausage meat cut to order.
HEITZMAN & ELLIS,
10-26-6mos 531 Maple St., Bristol

FOR SALE.

A Single Dwelling House situated No. 220 Dorrance street, Bristol Borough, Pa., containing seven rooms and bath, gas, water and heat throughout the house. Apply to J. W. McBRIDE,
1621 S. 19th street,
8-8 tf Philadelphia, Pa

Farmers National Bank of Bucks Co.

Bristol, Pa., Dec. 9, 1907.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of this Bank for the election of Directors and other business will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 14th, 1908, between the hours of 10 A. M., and 12 o'clock, noon.
CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.
12-13-5

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What the New Year Brought Him

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet.

BRAYTON, owner, stepped from the dingy little room at the end of the long black building, dubbed office, and walked briskly to the door of the foundry division. He had come down from the city that morning and was going back by the afternoon train. He took out his watch.

"Longmore," he called. "Mr. Longmore!"

A strongly built young man emerged from the grimy interior. Brayton looked at him speculatively.

"You will have this lot out by 4 o'clock, Longmore, I think you said?" he interrogated.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you may draw the fires then and have the men begin clearing up. I shall not be down again."

In spite of its mask of iron black, Longmore's face expressed incredulous surprise.

"You don't mean close the furnace, sir?"

"I mean just that," calmly. "I have been experimenting two years and losing money right along. The ore is too poor in quality for profitable working. I shall be sorry to lose your services, but all my other furnaces are fully supplied with managers and foremen. Of course," thoughtfully, "if you should care to commence again as an ordinary workman, we might"—

"I do not wish to leave here," broke in Longmore impetuously, "and, if you'll excuse me, I think you are making a big mistake in closing the furnace. It will pay well in time. My experiments"—

"Yes, things have improved since you took charge," interrupted Brayton, "but you have not been able to eliminate the loss." He took a letter from his pocket, which he unfolded and passed to Longmore. It read:

"J. H. Brayton:
Dear Sir—We shall have to make a heavy reduction in price allowed for your Brand Furnace output. Though better than previous shipment, it is still very poor and much inferior to what we are getting elsewhere, or even from your other furnaces. Thus far we have been able to use it in limited quantities in certain kinds of work, but new processes are being introduced into many furnaces which improve the quality of the output, and of course we must use the best procurable in order to meet competition. We are sorry, but as friends we would advise the closing of Brand's furnace.

"Your agents are mistaken about the quality of our ore," Longmore said firmly as he passed the letter back. "We have a published record here of the output of other furnaces, and twelve—yes, six—months ago the average quality was no better than Brand's. You must remember that I have had charge only three months and that I had all the real practical work to demonstrate from my theoretical knowledge. In six months we

"THOSE WILLING TO WORK FOR ME MAY STEP FORWARD."

can have Brand's furnace yielding as good quality as the average. If you will let me have six months—or even three—I feel sure that I can prove to you that I am right."

Brayton shook his head. "I can understand your enthusiasm, Longmore," he answered. "I was that way at your age, but iron is a plain, hard, practical business, and this is your first command, so to speak." He looked at his watch once more. "Twenty minutes to train time. Suppose we walk back to the office and wait until we hear the whistle. Of course I shall try to sell, but frankly I do not expect to find either customers or lessees. I would be glad to lease for a nominal sum, though, just to have somebody here; but, of course, no one would care to operate the furnace at a loss."

"If I could"— began Longmore. Then he stopped abruptly. He was going to say if he could raise the money, but he could not, so what was the use of thinking about it? He added instead, "If I could have charge here, there would be a profit inside of three months."

Brayton's eyes twinkled, and an odd look came into them.

"You'd like to take the plant yourself if you had the money," he said abruptly. "How much would you require to carry the furnace on to what you believe would be expense making? If I lent you $10,000, would it be sufficient?"

Longmore was on his feet, his eyes wide and looking grotesque in their rims of iron black.

"You don't mean this, Mr. Brayton," he gasped. "I have no means, no security, not even my college expenses paid yet. Then there's"—

"I've seen your work," coolly, "and am ready to lend you the money until the 1st of January. Unless you bring the output to a profit by that time, however, I will try to sell. Do you want it?"

"Of course, if you're willing, though"—

"There's the train whistle," interrupted Brayton, rising from his chair and starting toward the door. "You may draw on me for the money as you need it up to $10,000, no more. And—er," as the train curved in sight around a hill and slowed toward the platform, "remember our compact. There's to be no correspondence whatever between you and Helen until you are fully able to support a wife."

Longmore watched him board the train with conflicting emotions, then went back to the office.

First he wrote to Mr. Brayton, offering him one-half of the profits after he had brought the furnace to a paying basis, in the meantime incurring all expenses of running work and improvements himself. That done, he called the men and made them acquainted with the change.

"Mr. Brayton had arranged for you to leave Saturday night," he said, "and to stop work altogether. However, I am going to run the furnace myself awhile experimentally, but will close the foundry. I shall require only fifty men, and they must be willing to work hard and accept long hours. We will begin at daylight instead of at 7, as we have been doing, and will have one hour for the noon meal and rest and then work until dark, but I will pay you $3 instead of the $2 you have been receiving. It will be hard work, of course, but I will ask no one to work any harder than I do myself, and I will add that I do not want any except trustworthy men who will do as well by me when I am absent as when I am with them. Those who feel they can meet these conditions and are willing to work for me may step forward."

Several of the more energetic men were talking among themselves. Longmore's eyes swept over them and over the rest of the group, singling out a face here and there that he thought looked promising. Presently he went among them, with a few earnest, persuasive words here and there, and in the end he hired fifty men who promised to work as he desired.

Monday morning he and two of the men descended into the furnace to make some changes. When they came out Longmore went to the mine to see how the work of getting out ore was progressing.

As he approached the mouth of the mine he listened for the sounds of work, but could only hear the regular strokes of a single pick. Then as he turned a spur he saw the reason. Three of the men were lying on the ground in front of the opening, apparently asleep; two were tossing pebbles at each other, and the rest were lying about in various attitudes of ease.

"Got the furnace job done?" asked a stalwart young fellow as he rose, yawning.

"Yes. Why are you not at work?"

"Got tired an' thought we'd rest a spell. 'Sides, one of the men 'lowed there wa'n't much show for our gettin' paid an' that ye had only what ye'd earned as boss. I s'pose it's all right, though," lazily, "an' if ye say 'tis we'll start in ag'in after we lie a spell."

"Yes," quietly, "the money part is all right. Who is that working in the mine?"

"Billy Brooks," contemptuously. "That man 'll wear out an' drop down dead 'fore he knows, an' nobody 'll be to blame 'cept himself an' mebbe the man who drives him on to such work. The fellow's a crank an' don't know any more'n to do jest what he's told, an'"—

But Longmore had passed on.

Ten minutes later he came back. The men were stretching themselves preparatory to resuming work.

"Now you can come to the office and get your pay," he said briskly. "There will be less than half a day coming to you, for Brooks says you rested two hours or more this forenoon and that you have been here about two hours now. I shall pay you for just the time you work."

"Oh, we don't want any pay yet if it's all right," answered the young man sullenly. "But it's been three-quarters of a day. Folks have to rest, an' if Billy Brooks don't look out he'll"—

"Stop right there," requested Longmore, with a sudden ring in his voice. "Mr. Brooks will be your foreman after this, in my absence, and will keep an exact account of the time you work."

"Foreman!" angrily. "Billy Brooks!" Why, he don't know any more about minin' than I do. I'd make a better foreman any day."

"Perhaps, but Mr. Brooks seems to have been the only man faithful to my interests so far, and he will be my foreman, with an advance in wages. Now you may come and get your money, or you can go back to work, just as you choose."

He went on toward the office without again looking toward them. The men hesitated a moment; then three of them followed him. The rest returned to the mine. After that there was little trouble with them so long as they were not left by themselves.

The next few days he passed for the most part at the mouth of the furnace, helping and overlooking the ore as it was poured in, but in spite of his care and watchfulness the result was not satisfactory, and the newly made pig iron was carried round and cast back into the furnace, to be once more melted. Again and again was this done, and, though the results were often improvements on the preceding ones, they were not what he hoped and was striving for.

So he worked and experimented, the loaned capital growing smaller and smaller, until at last he began to discharge the more shiftless of the men. At the end of November his working force had dwindled to ten men and himself and his money to less than $100. During the last few weeks but little time had been given to sleep. Through the day he worked with the men—silent, watchful, untiring—and most of the nights were given to study and the devising of new experiments. Something was lacking, some little point which he had missed. Perhaps it was in the ore, perhaps in the furnace, possibly somewhere else, only he had missed it, and yet the secret was hovering at his very finger tips; he was sure of that.

The ten men remaining to him were the pick of the neighborhood, in whom he was every day growing to repose

"THEY'RE THE FINEST I EVER SAW."

more confidence. They were all hard working and tried to meet his wishes, and in a way they were beginning to understand that he was passing through a crisis of his life. One evening after an unusually hard day, as Longmore almost staggered toward his office, Brooks followed him, laying a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"Look here, Mr. Longmore," he said anxiously, "you just leave that office alone tonight an' go into your room to bed. You're runnin' yourself out. An'—an'," hesitating a little, "if you don't mind, me an' the men have been talkin' about you some lately. We've been workin' pretty stiddy an' ain't a bit hard up now, so if it'll be any—any easier you might let our pay lie over a month or two. We don't mind, an'"—

Longmore swung round and grasped his hand.

"Thank you for this, Mr. Brooks," he exclaimed, his eyes moistening. "You don't know how I appreciate it just now. Tell the men so. But I shall not take advantage of your friendship. It has been something of a strain with me lately, I don't mind admitting that, but another day or two will decide the matter one way or the other. I was up all last night, working and thinking, and am going to make one last trial, a bolder one. I sent my last $50 away this morning, and the things will be here on the train tomorrow morning. The next day will decide whether we keep on or close and whether— But good night. Be on hand at daybreak. I shall work in the office tonight, but after this will sleep."

The next morning he was on the little platform when the train came and took his package straight to the office. Soon after he went to the mouth of the furnace, where the men were throwing in ore, the package under his arm. All day he worked there with them, feverishly, but the next day when he went below to watch the result, when the molten iron was released, he was calm.

But as he watched a strange light began to glow in his eyes. As soon as the bars were sufficiently cool he took several of them to the station platform, addressing them to Mr. Brayton. Then he went to the office and wrote a long letter, and it lacked but two days of the year's end.

The 1st of January the letter was answered by Brayton in person. His face seemed unusually excited as he swung to the platform even before the train stopped.

"Are those bars fair samples?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well, well! I'd never have believed it—never in this world. They're the finest I ever saw and mean a fortune. But I can't accept your proposition, Longmore, to take over the plant with you ag'in as foreman. No, no! We'll run it half and half, my capital against your discovery and services. And we'll increase the capacity and the working force to 300 men. You'll want a superintendent now, Longmore, and foremen for the different departments. You'd better hire them at once."

"They're already at hand, sir—men on whom I can depend and who will make our interests their own."

"Good! That's the kind we want. Now let's go to the office and consider plans for the increase. Why," explosively, "it's a fortune and the most unbelievable thing I ever heard of. Then we'll run up home and see Helen. She'll be glad, and—er—I won't say another word."

FEATHERED ANGLERS.

How the Great Heron Stabs Fish With Its Lancelike Bill.

While the kingfisher feeds by day, the great heron begins his fishing at dusk just as the stars peep forth. When I am about to make the last few casts and stop fishing in a trout pool I hear the loud whiz of his vast stretch of wings passing close by, flying low to a favorite shallow part of the river, and down drop his long legs, and he settles right down to business, motionless as a stone. Sometimes for half an hour not a feather moves.

He watches with unwearied patience. When he does strike it is as quick and as sure as fate, for the first luckless fish that approaches within his reach is seized with surprising dexterity. Like the kingfisher, the heron beats to death those fish of larger size, swallowing them whole, headforemost, such being their uniform positions when found in the stomach. He will then at once assume the same attitude of silent watchfulness, and the finny tribe, though frightened at his first dash among them, return again in a short interval only to be transfixed with his long lance shaped bill.

Hornaday's "Natural History" says: "When a heron is fishing it stalks slowly and silently along the shore, preferably in water about six inches deep, its head carried well forward, but about on a level with its shoulders, while its big eyes keenly scrutinize every foot of the water. It takes long steps and plants each foot softly in the true still hunter fashion to avoid alarming its game. When a fish is found within range the kinks of the neck fly straight and the fish is seized between the mandibles. The fish is not stabbed through and through."

This latter statement is only correct when small fish are taken. I have it on expert authority that herons repeatedly stab large trout up to two pounds in weight, making a hole in the back large enough to insert the thumb.—Louis Rhead in Recreation.

THOUGHT HIM A SPY.

An English Official's Narrow Escape In France In 1870.

The thrilling adventure which befell Captain Haworth, one of Queen Victoria's messengers, vividly illustrates the perils of the diplomatic service when a member of that corps is traversing a country where the storm and stress of war is raging.

It was during the Franco-German war, and Captain Haworth was on his way home charged with dispatches from the English ambassador, then at Tours. He got as far as the town of Le Mans, when something suggested to the excited townsfolk the idea that he was a Prussian spy.

He was arrested, carried before the juge de paix and required to give an account of himself. He explained that he was in the service of the British government and produced his credentials. He was then asked to show the contents of the little bag which, as he affirmed, contained his official dispatches. This he absolutely refused to do, though he showed them the government label and seal.

His refusal was thought suspicious, and he was plainly told that unless he could produce some more satisfactory evidence he must be prepared to die. The unlucky messenger was actually led away for execution and was saved only by some little glimmering of common sense in the captain of the guard he was committed to.

This officer remonstrated with his prisoner on the folly of refusing to satisfy the court by submitting his papers to their inspection. Captain Haworth told him that their bullets should go through that bag and his breast at the same time and that then they would have to reckon with the British government. The officer seemed to be impressed and sent him back to the authorities. After further parley the Englishman was ordered to clear out of the town with all speed, an order which he did his best to comply with.

How Kingfishers Perish.

Dreadful is the death of the stately kingfisher. A hard winter is his certain doom. Long observation seems to indicate the birds do not migrate, and from having to enter the water for their prey in winter their dripping feet quickly become incased in ice. As in hard weather it is only possible for them to alight either on snow or ice or in water, it is easy to see how the ice around their feet would quickly accumulate and bring about a lingering death.—London Globe.

Lack of Confidence.

A party returning home in hired brougham, the driver of which is somewhat inebriated.

Paterfamilias (who at a hill climbs on to the box at the request of materfamilias)—Give me the reins.

Coachman—Ave you hever druv down this 'ere 'ill afore?

Pater (taking the reins)—No, I have not.

Coachman—Then I'll walk. (Does so.)—London Punch.

Hard to Dodge.

Englishman (on Atlantic liner)—Well, old chap, we'll soon be engaged with those blarsted Yankee custom inspectors. American—You bet! And remember, old man, that the United States expects every man to pay his duty!—Puck.

Jabez Hunker, J. P.

A Christmas Story

By Rebecca Ottolengui

Copyright, 1904, by Rebecca Ottolengui

JABEZ HUNKER, justice of the peace, signed his name with a painful flourish, tilted his chair, put the pen staff between his teeth in a horizontal position, smiled in an adolescent way and, picking up the letter which he had just completed, read it. This was the result of two hours of work, involving five rewritings:

Miss Amanda Givens, Present:
Dear Miss Givens—I am fifty-two years old. My birthday is the 4th of March. The reason why I tell you that is because up to the 4th of last March at 8 o'clock in the evening I had never seen a woman that I thought I wanted to marry. But while we were celebrating my last birthday with a little party in the evening a lady walked into the room with her brother just as the clock struck 8. Then I knew that I had made a mistake in being without a wife for so many years. She made me want to get married. She has been mighty nice to me the many times I have seen her since then, and at least a dozen times I have gone to her house to ask her to be my wife, but, somehow, every time I got there I thought it wasn't just the right way to approach her, so I concluded to do it by letter. I want you to let me know whether you think that is the best way. Of course there are never any "doings" at our house on Christmas, so if you think I was sensible to do as I have done just make some excuse to get your brother Jim to run over with you to our house tomorrow (Christmas) night, and your coming will be the best present anybody could give me. I'll know what it means, and I'll promise you not to say anything more about it until the next day. Just tell Jim that you promised to run over to see my sister Mary about something or other, so he won't suspect. The lady I love and would have asked to marry me if I had not been so plagued bashful is a schoolteacher. Can you guess who she is? Until Christmas night I will only sign myself, respectfully yours,
JABEZ HUNKER.

Jabez read and reread the letter, which he flattered himself was written in a style worthy of the principal of the graded school at Willow Grove. After a last affectionate peep at the finish, which he regarded as exceedingly clever, he sealed the letter, took from the inner pocket of his coat a huge portemonnaie and was about to affix a stamp to the envelope when he stopped reflectively and, with a soft whistle, permitted his chair to settle back upon its four legs.

"Gee whiz!" he ejaculated in a hoarse whisper. Then, raising his voice, he called:

"Mary, has Sim Gardner gone by yet?"

"Yes, Jabez," replied a woman's voice from the upper floor. "He went by about three minutes ago, and he dropped a letter in the box. I wish you'd run out to the road and get it."

Before Mary had completed her sentence she heard the side door slam, and, looking out of the front window, she saw Jabez dash to the road as though possessed.

About five minutes later Mary, hearing the stamping of feet on the side stoop, rushed to the mirror, gave her hair a few perfunctory pats and ran downstairs. She opened the door only to be almost knocked down by Jabez, who was just entering and was blowing like a porpoise.

"What's the matter with you, Jabez? You look like you had the most important matter in the world on your mind," Mary observed, somewhat nettled, for she rather resented the disap-

JABEZ DASHED UP THE ROAD AS THOUGH POSSESSED.

pointment of not finding a visitor at the door and seemed inclined to hold Jabez responsible.

"So I have, Mary. Sit down," Jabez almost peremptorily commanded. "I want to ask your advice about something."

Mary had begun to sit, for even to his sister he was the greatest man in the little section of very poor farming country over whose destinies in part he ruled as justice of the peace for more than twenty-five years.

"Mary," Jabez began after a contemplative and impressive pause, "you know Amanda Givens?"

Mary breathed a deep sigh of relief before she replied. She had judged from Jabez's manner that he must contemplate putting a mortgage on the farm or doing something equally serious. At last she managed to say, with a shade of her usual assertiveness:

"Certainly I know her, and I know what you are going to say. You want her to marry you, and you haven't got the spunk to ask her."

It was Jabez's turn to look surprised. "How—how did you guess it?"

Mary laughed for a full minute. "How did I guess it? There wasn't any guess about it. I'll bet Bossy knows it and would tell you if she wasn't a cow."

"Well, I don't see anything so funny about it." Jabez paused and meditatively scratched his short side whiskers, the only hirsute adornment he permitted upon his judicial countenance. "Do you—think—I stand any show?" Then, as Mary appeared to be suspiciously ready with her answer, he continued: "You know, she gets $8 a week teaching our district school in winter and $6 in summer. These self supporting women ain't usually in a very big hurry to marry."

"Hurry!" snorted Mary. "I don't call it being in a hurry when a woman gets to the age of thirty-seven. You are one of the most prominent men in this part of the country. You can support a woman all right, and I believe you'll make a good husband if you'll only shave off those things you call 'Burnsides' and don't try to interfere with my running of this house when you bring a wife home. Take my advice—don't ask her unless you mean it, for I believe she'll snap you up so quick it'll take your breath away. Who wouldn't marry into the Hunker family, anyway? It's the oldest family around these parts."

"You may be right," Jabez retorted wickedly, "but take your own case, for instance. Nobody seems to have been particularly anxious to get into the Hunker family in that direction."

"Oh, I've had my chances, and lots of 'em that you knew nothing about. But you asked my advice. You've got it, and I'm going back to my work."

"Hold on a minute, Mary. I didn't have the spunk to ask her. What you said was true, so I wrote her a letter"—and then, as Mary looked anxious—"which I ain't going to let you see. There's something in it about Christmas, and, as that is tomorrow, she couldn't get it in time unless the rural carrier took it with him when he went along today. I ran after him awhile ago, but the confounded snow is so heavy that I couldn't catch him and couldn't even make him hear me. So the letter is still in my pocket. I was thinking of taking it to her myself this afternoon."

"Then you would be a nice loon, Jabez. Why don't you mail the letter tomorrow and let it go at that?"

"That won't do," doggedly retorted Jabez. "She must get it by tomorrow morning, so she can"—

Mary impatiently arose, while Jabez, resting his elbows on his knees and dropping his head, began again to caress his "Burnsides."

After a few moments he called out to Mary, "I'm goin' over to Miss Givens', but I'll be back before dark."

He clapped on his cap, coat and tippet and within five minutes was trudging along the road in the direction of the Givenses' farm, two miles distant.

As Jabez was about to turn into the gate leading into the Givens dooryard he stepped behind a large butternut tree and put his hand in his pocket. He thought he would once more read the letter. It was important. In his cooler moments it might seem a little impetuous and undignified, and if there was one thing upon which Jabez prided himself it was his dignity. As his hand reached to the innermost recesses of the capacious inner pocket of his buffalo overcoat he gave such a start that the snow banked on his shoulders came tumbling down his length, like a shower of downy white feathers. The letter was not there. He retired a little farther down the road and made a more careful examination, but the missing epistle could not be found.

Deciding that he must have left the precious missive upon the table at home and accepting that fact as an omen, Jabez continued to the Givens home, where he spent a most delightful two hours with Miss Amanda, who happened to be alone, the rest of the family having gone to the village to make the final Christmas purchases. A dozen times when Miss Amanda smiled graciously and, as Jabez thought, encouragingly he started to speak right out, but each time he thought her expression changed, and he refrained.

On his way home Jabez passed Adam Wheeler, a neighboring farmer, on his way to the village. He had come from the direction of Jabez's house and was, as always, whistling, even while his head was bowed to the awful snowstorm. He started when Jabez hailed him with a cheery "Hello, Ad. Hope you and the folks 'll have a merry Christmas tomorrow."

"Same to you, Jabez," he replied and passed on.

When Jabez reached home Mary was smiling mysteriously and bustling about in a manner unusual to such a careful housekeeper whose Christmas preparations, with the exception of the inevitable turkey, had all been completed the day before.

"What's the matter, Mary? You're busier than you were when I left," Jabez ventured in the hope of staving off questions about his visit and his letter to Miss Givens. Meanwhile Jabez was poking over the table and the clock shelf. Mary did not deign to answer his inquiry; its purpose was too obvious. Instead, she turned questioner herself and asked somewhat petulantly: "Whatever are you rummaging over those things for? Don't you know I've just put things to rights?"

Jabez was getting warm. His face had assumed the hue of a beet. "Mary, have you seen a letter I left here—THAT letter?"

"I haven't seen any letter at all. You didn't leave any here. If your letter is gone, you'd better start out on the road and look for it."

Jabez replied not a word, but followed the advice. Back to the point where he had missed the letter he toiled through the snow, but he might have looked for the proverbial needle in the haystack with much better prospect of success. He returned home disconsolate.

The next afternoon, after his Christmas dinner, Jabez, being still moody and silent as the sphinx, giving attention to nothing in the house with the exception of his beloved side whiskers, announced to Mary that he was going to the village and would not be back until late at night. Mary appeared unduly disconcerted. She begged Jabez to remain with her. It was Christmas, she urged, and he, as the head of the house, should be there in case any visitors should drop in or in case any one should come to see him about law business. To the first objection Jabez replied that if there was one day in the year when people would stay at home it was Christmas, and if any one should come professionally he wouldn't see them anyway. Anyway, it was a holiday, and he intended to celebrate it in his own way.

Mary was nonplused, and Jabez, after going to the barn and attending to the chores, returned to the house to prepare for his long walk. As he entered the kitchen he was startled to hear a moaning which came from the upper regions. He found that Mary had been stricken with a sudden attack which she called intermittent fever. Jabez felt her head, which was cool as his own. Mary mentioned that that was a peculiarity of that particular ailment and of her particular self, and she also asserted that she often had had them during the day, and they always passed off during three or four hours. Jabez looked at his watch; it was 5 o'clock. Resignedly he took off his overcoat and descended to the kitchen, where he nervously watched the clock. It seemed as if the hour hand would never get around to that much desired 8.

At half past 7 Mary descended and, telling Jabez that Mrs. Gilmore, who lived two farms beyond, was going to run in with some delayed washing and adding that she felt so much better that he might leave at 8 o'clock, succeeded easily in banishing him to his "courtroom" upstairs for a half hour's reading. As Jabez left the room Mary lighted the large parlor lamp and placed it close

THERE STOOD REVEALED MISS AMANDA GIVENS.

against the front window. Almost immediately there was a sound of shuffling feet on the side stoop. Jabez heard it, but did not move until the sound of many merry voices reached him. Then he came downstairs and was astonished to find the kitchen filled with his neighbors and their wives. He realized that he was the victim of a Christmas surprise party—something, incidentally, of which he had never heard. He looked for the one face he wanted to see, but it was not there.

The evening passed as such evenings usually pass—with senseless games and still more senseless "wit." Jabez had several times suggested that the guests should go into the parlor, but each time the plan was opposed with seemingly unnecessary vehemence by his sister and James Givens, Miss Amanda's brother. At 10 o'clock James announced that the pleasures of the evening would be wound up with the real surprise part of the party. He and Mary disappeared into the parlor, whence they soon returned, standing guard, however, at the door leading into it from the hall, to say that each person as the name was called was to proceed into the parlor, where a present would be found in the center of the room. The person was then to pass out of the other parlor door into the little hall at the foot of the front steps, leading upstairs, where the wraps would be found. Several names were called, and then Mary and James Givens, looking excessively important, shouted in unison, "Jabez Hunker!"

Jabez entered the parlor with the air of a man bored to distraction, who felt that he must, as the host, go through a farce with which he had no sympathy. As the door closed behind him he saw in the middle of the room a tall thing covered with a white robe. In the uncertain light Jabez determined that he was being made the victim of a practical joke, and, as that would impinge upon his dignity, he half decided to return forthwith. But, as there was no one looking, he determined to investigate. He grasped the white sheet, pulled it toward him, and there stood revealed—Miss Amanda Givens.

For once Jabez's self possession deserted him. He tried to speak, but no words would come. It began to look as though he would beat an ignominious retreat. Miss Amanda saw that something must be done, and done quickly. With head downcast she observed coyly, "I received your letter."

Then Jabez found his voice. "How in thunder did that happen?"

Now it was Miss Amanda's turn to be surprised. "Why shouldn't it have happened? Ad Wheeler came along about ten minutes after you left and told me he had found in the snow a letter addressed to me. Of course"—and she averted her eyes and blushed—"I understood as soon as I read it that you had told him to say that."

"But I didn't," Jabez protested vehemently. "I lost the letter in the road. Well, anyway, you're here. You've kinder, as you might say, kept your promise, so I'll keep mine about not saying anything more to you about this until tomorrow."

Again Miss Amanda blushed, but this time she did not avert her eyes. "Oh," she said thoughtfully, "I shan't hold you to that promise."

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

Study the Lord of Creation and the Things He Wears.

See the man!

He wears a hat of straw, stiffened with glue until it is like a tin pail, or of felt or silk, stiffened with bum shellac until it is like a cast iron pot. Inside this unyielding brim is a thick band of hard, stiff leather, re-enforced with inner bands of flannel. Result, compression of the blood vessels of the scalp, causing undue perspiration, headache and baldness.

About his neck in summer is a turndown collar, which is a high, stiff fence of eight thicknesses of starched linen. This fits closely, leaving him unable to turn his head without great effort. Imbedded in this and tied in front in a thick, uncomfortable bunch is a tie of heavy cotton or silk, re-enforced with linings of quilted canton flannel.

His shirt has a stiff, unyielding front of the firmness of a priest's breastplate. This must be donned with dexterity and worn with care lest it break or bend. His waistcoat is made of heavy woolen cloth, and in summer he wears one of heavier, thicker and warmer duck or cheviot. This warmth and thickness, however, are only in front, where nature has already protected the lungs and heart. At his back, where protection is required against draft or chill, the waistcoat is of thin muslin.

His coat is built similarly, the fronts being re-enforced with lapels of many linings.

About his waist he buckles a belt so tightly as to interfere with breathing and circulation, yet can rarely get it tight enough to achieve its own purpose.

For this reason he must wear suspenders, which are probably the most uncomfortable garment known.

He carries a stick which has no pretense to use or beauty.

He has dozens of pockets into which he never puts anything.

He has buttons which button nothing and buttonholes which are not to be used.

He has strange jewelry of clumsy intent. Great buttons of uncouth shape must be thrust through stiffly starched layers of linen. Collar buttons must be lost and hunted for.

He has rings on his fingers, pins in his scarf, chains across his breast, fobs dangling from his pockets and studs in his shirts.

He is not what he was created, but is what he has created.

Is the man a savage?

No; he is the lord of creation!—Life.

MILLET'S POVERTY.

Incident In the Life of the Great French Painter.

It seems almost incredible that Millet, painter of "The Angelus" and other now world famous pictures, should have suffered from the poverty that forms the basis of the following story, but it is a fact that he did: One day, indeed, he found himself without food in the house for himself and his family. In his extremity Diaz offered to take two of Millet's drawings to Paris and make an effort to sell them. Evening came, the Millet family anxiously awaiting their friend's return. If he came back without the drawings it meant bread; with them, hungry to bed. Night fell, the family sitting in darkness because they felt they could not afford a light.

At last they heard the stamping of Diaz's wooden leg as he crossed the little paved court and his lusty voice calling out: "Light! Light! Where is the light?" The family hurried to light a candle. But even while the head of the old fashioned sulphur match still was spluttering Diaz, who was a Spaniard and nothing if not temperamental, slapped down two loaves of bread on the table, one after another, in quick succession. When at last the candle was burning he drew out 60 francs in gold, all save one piece, which he had been obliged to change in buying the bread. He arranged the gold pieces in a circle like a halo around the candle, ending with the change, of which he made a neat pile.

"Ah," sighed Millet as he regarded the unhoped for treasure, "if only I could count on a sum like this every week!"

"Would you turn capitalist?" reproachfully asked Diaz.

If to suffer is a spur to genius, is it a wonder that these Barbizon men were great painters?

Talking Golf.

From the window she saw him coming up the steps.

"He comes!" she exclaimed joyfully.

There was a bit of ice on the top step (for it was an early day in June). He struck it. Then he struck each of the other steps in succession.

"Heavens!" she cried. "He has foozled his approach!"—London Tribune.

Breaking It Gently.

When Bendick left Biblus drunk between two railroads and was unable to lift him, he went to the drunk's home for help and, meeting the wife at the door, was at a loss to break it gently to her. Right at his feet was a circular of a new suburban land company. Picking it up, he pointed to the words "Lies between two well equipped railways." It was enough.—Exchange.

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

During a period of twelve years on the bench Judge Dunn of Pottsville, Pa., was never once reversed by a higher court.

W. N. McMillan, son of the late United States senator from Michigan, has set up farming in the wilds of British America, where he owns 20,000 acres.

The Duke of Wellington has many treasures of historic value, chief of them the service of plate which Portugal presented to his famous ancestor. It is said to be worth £200,000.

Judge Field, aged ninety-four, of Athol, Mass., thirty years on the bench, has never missed a day's sitting. Being indisposed recently, he heard a murder case lying in bed on his back.

Edwin R. Briggs of West Bethel, Me., is still engaged in the same work he has pursued since his boyhood. Probably Mr. Briggs has made and edited more puzzles than any other man in the state.

Hon. Percival Maitland Laurence, supreme justice of Cape Colony, South Africa, is said to bear a striking resemblance to King Edward. He is a famous jurist and has been the supreme justice of Cape Colony for twenty-five years.

When in the lottery for seats in the house of representatives at the opening session J. Adam Bede of Minnesota, known as the wit of the house, drew No. 23, there was a storm of applause that indicated the members as well as the galleries liked the joke.

While General Grosvenor passes out of the congressional limelight, Ohio still has in its delegation two veteran white haired statesmen who have passed seventy years of age—General J. Warren Keifer, ex-speaker of the house of representatives, and General Israel R. Sherwood, who represented Ohio thirty-four years ago.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

There is a great fancy for the military sleeve not only for coats, but for really elaborate costumes.

The small fur toques are conspicuous among the new small hats, and new variations on the marquise idea and the Henry IV. shapes are also much in evidence.

Bands of dyed cluny lace or embroidered filet net made up over white and trimmed in self color satin make comparatively inexpensive and smart blouses, repeating the colors of the frocks with which they are to be worn.

A sleeve idea which is finding favor with Parisiennes is the use of an undersleeve in contrasting color. By this is not meant merely the sheer white undersleeve with which we have long been familiar, but an undersleeve in satin, velvet, silk—what one will—of relieving color, over which falls a loose or draped outer sleeve in the materials or trimmings of the frock.—New York Sun.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

Great Britain's golfers use half a million balls each week.

The Lusitania and the Mauretania have been happily renamed by the people in England the Lucy and the Mary.

Every regiment in the British army is provided with a banner called "colors," bearing the regimental badge and inscribed with the names of battles in which the regiment has taken part.

A thirty foot long whale was recently found on the beach about a mile north of Scalby Nab, Scarborough. It was headless and had probably been killed in collision with some large ship and then washed ashore.

Prosecuted at Sleaford petty sessions for not sending his child to school, Josiah Elkington, laborer, stated that he earned $3.75 a week and had "only fourteen children to keep out of it." The case was dismissed on payment of costs.

EDITORIAL FLINGS.

Temperance is going some when even New York gets scared.—Washington Times.

It is proposed to hold a reunion of the automobile survivors of 1907. Are there enough left?—New York American.

Luther Burbank has evolved a thornless cactus. That fellow could hand the public a sweet lemon.—Manchester Union.

There are 8,000,000 telephone girls in the world. The duties of 6,788,943 consist in telling you that the line is busy.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

According to the new directory for that city, Chicago has pushed Berlin out of fourth place in the list of the world's great cities. Why didn't Berlin publish a city directory also?—Kansas City Star.

Home Notes.

Get cheap plate racks to hold tin pans and lids. The racks can be fastened to the pantry door.

Two or three cloves sprinkled on the stove make an excellent and agreeable deodorizer for kitchen fumes.

An old fashioned method of cleaning the inside of a metal teapot was that of filling it with boiling water and then dropping into it a redhot cinder.

In buying table linen be careful to get a piece that is not full of knots, as it is very apt to wear into holes at those places.

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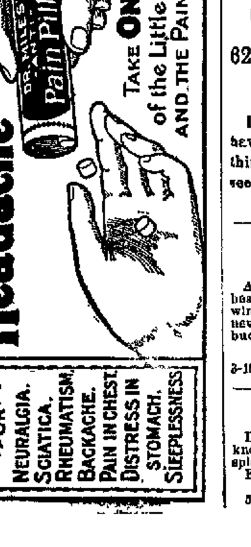

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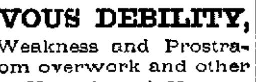

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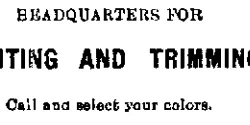

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